FAT AND SLAT

NO. THREE

— Ed Wheelan's FAMOUS FOOLS.

FAT and SLAT

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ALL PAGES IN FULL COLOR 10¢

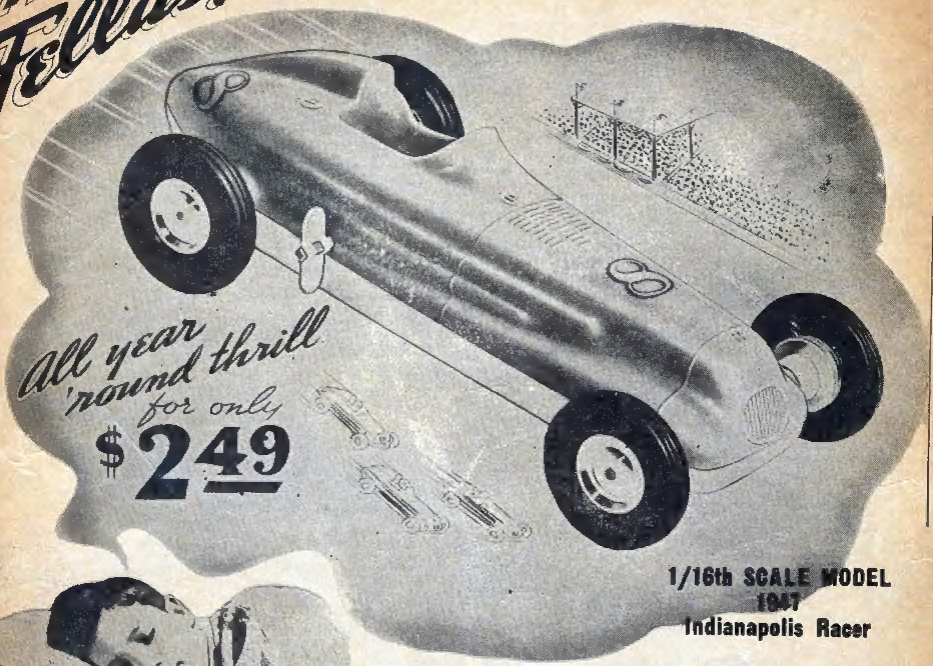
M ID DIS

ALSO "COMICS" McCORMICK VERSUS SUPER-ROBOT !!

Hey Fellas!

The CAR You've Dreamed About, CAN NOW BE YOURS!

The REX MAYS Racer runs 150-175 feet up to 15 miles per hour.



This REX MAYS Racer with its FREE WHEELING Heavy duty Spring Motor Brings You the roaring excitement of the Speed Track!

Here it is—that miniature car you've always wanted. The fastest, smoothest-performing, best-looking car for its size and price you've ever seen. You'll thrill to its power as you watch this sleek, almost a foot long racer speed into high from a standing start. Ask for action . . . Zip! You get it . . . as this mighty, REX MAYS Special breezes into Free Wheeling, to whiz down the straightaway . . . at up to 15 miles per hour. And talk about unusual features! . . . Count 'em! (1) Colorful, two-tone chip-proof finish. (2) Streamlined molded plastic construction that's virtually unbreakable. (3) Custom-built, live, resilient rubber tires. (4) Precision-machined wheels with realistic looking break drums (5) Off-set cockpit, flared head piece and steering wheel that actually turns. These as well as other outstanding features make the REX MAYS Racer the best car value of the year. Send for your REX MAYS Racer today on our 10 day Money Back guarantee and see for yourself.

FORM YOUR OWN RACING CLUB!

It's easy! It's fun! Run your own speed races right in your neighborhood. We help you by offering reduced prices on quantity orders. Just get several of your friends together to join you in ordering the REX MAYS racer on our Club Plan. Get parents or friends or the club itself to put up prizes—have loads of fun! On our club plan you can order 3 REX MAYS Racers for only $6.75 ($2.25 each) or 6 Racers for only $11.95 ($1.99 each). Just mail your club orders for REX MAYS Racers on the handy coupon. If you enclose remittance with your order we prepay shipping charges.

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Gentlemen ☐ Send me the REX MAYS Racer as described. I will pay the postman, on arrival only $2.49 plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that I must be fully satisfied in every way or I can return my Racer within 10 days for refund.

NOTE: If you want to order more than one Racer to take advantage of our Club Plan offer check the following:

☐ 3 Racers for $6.75 ☐ 6 Racers for $11.95

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

☐ To save C.O.D. and shipping charges I am enclosing remittance in advance for full amount of the above order.

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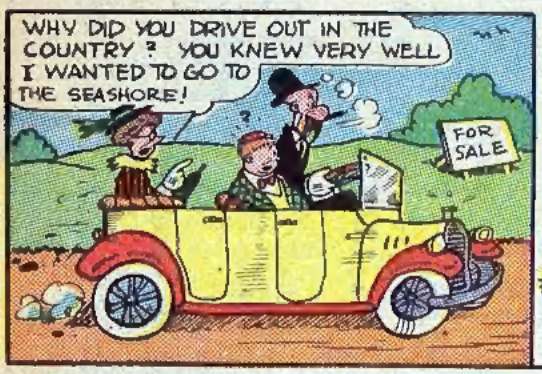
FAT AND SLAT

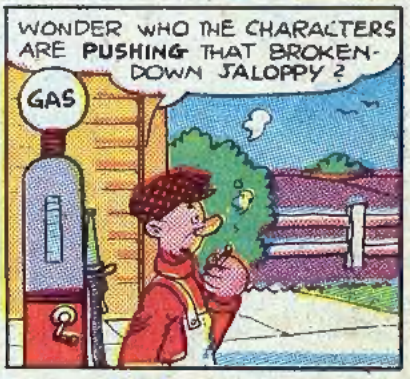

WHY DID YOU DRIVE OUT IN THE COUNTRY? YOU KNEW VERY WELL I WANTED TO GO TO THE SEASHORE!
FOR SALE

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU MEN, NEVER THINKING OF ANYONE BUT YOURSELVES! FOOIE !!!

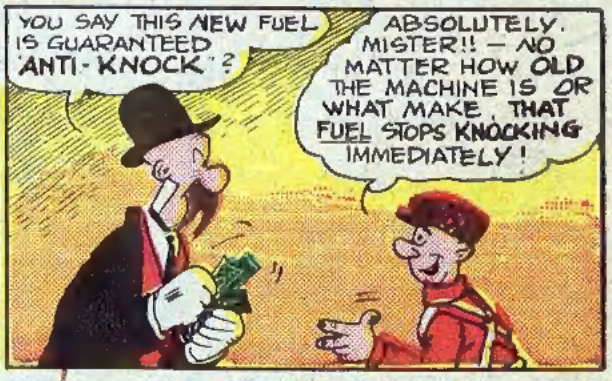
FOR PETE'S SAKE, SLAT, WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DRAG YOUR WIFE ALONG ?!!
WHAT D'YOU MEAN 'DRAG'? SHE WAS IN THE CAR BEFORE I WAS, FAT! I COULDN'T DRAG HER OUT OF IT!!

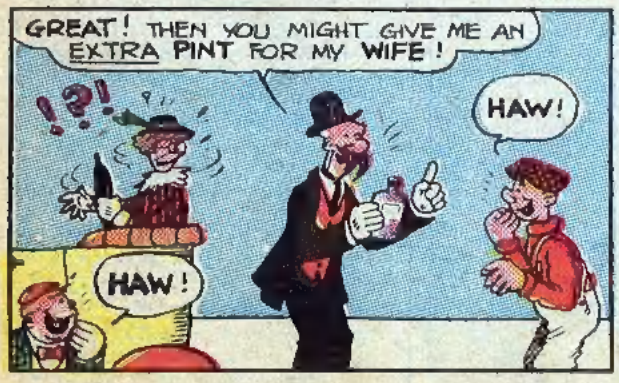
NOT TOO FAST NOW - YOU KNOW VERY WELL HOW I HATE HILLS, ESPECIALLY IN THIS OLD RATTLE-TRAP!!

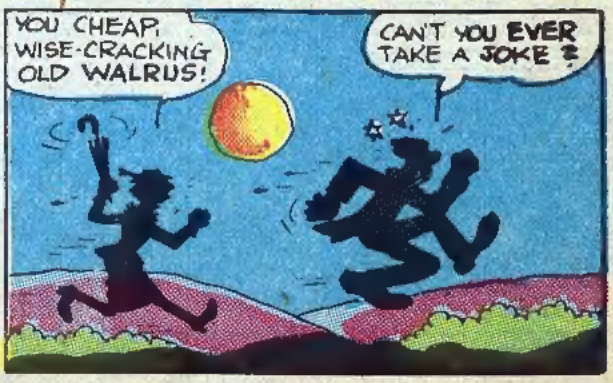
WELL, BOYS IT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE OUT OF GAS! I JUST KNEW SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN!!
CHUG! CHUG!


WONDER WHO THE CHARACTERS ARE PUSHING THAT BROKEN-DOWN JALOPPY?
GAS

IF YOU'D ONLY GET YOURSELF A DECENT CAR, THIS WOULDN'T HAPPEN ALL THE TIME. YOUR FUGITIVE FROM A JUNK PILE ONLY HOLDS SIX GALLONS!
FILL 'ER UP!!

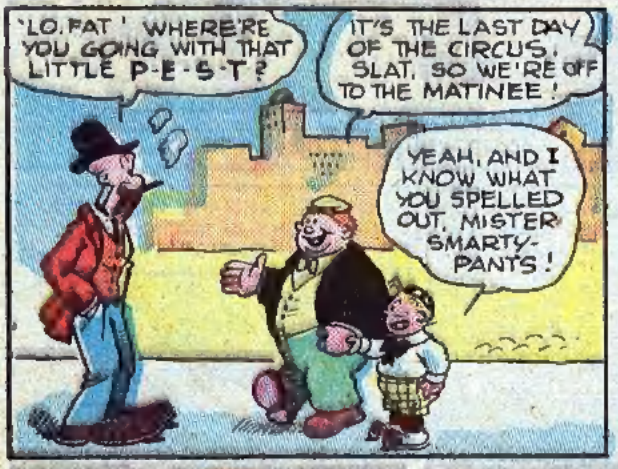

YOU SAY THIS NEW FUEL IS GUARANTEED 'ANTI-KNOCK'?
ABSOLUTELY, MISTER!! — NO MATTER HOW OLD THE MACHINE IS OR WHAT MAKE, THAT FUEL STOPS KNOCKING IMMEDIATELY!


GREAT! THEN YOU MIGHT GIVE ME AN EXTRA PINT FOR MY WIFE!
!?!
HAW!
HAW!

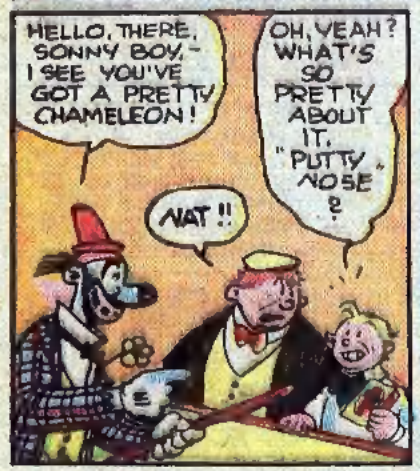

YOU CHEAP, WISE-CRACKING OLD WALRUS!
CAN'T YOU EVER TAKE A JOKE?

FAT
and
SLAT

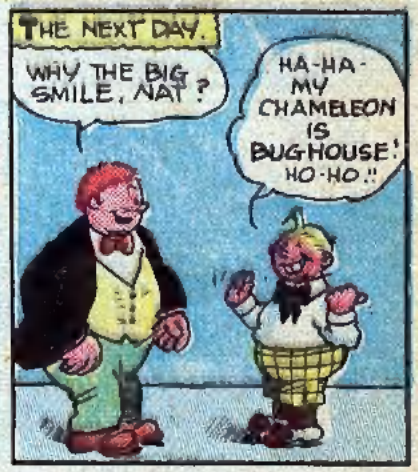
UNCLE FAT, I WANTA GO TO THE CIRCUS! WOTCHA SAY, BIG BOY?
WELL, - ER - ALL RIGHT, NAT. BUT PLEASE TRY NOT TO BE SO FRESH!!


'LO, FAT! WHERE'RE YOU GOING WITH THAT LITTLE P-E-S-T?
IT'S THE LAST DAY OF THE CIRCUS, SLAT, SO WE'RE OFF TO THE MATINEE!
YEAH, AND I KNOW WHAT YOU SPELLED OUT, MISTER SMARTY-PANTS!

HERE Y'ARE, FOLKS! CHAMELEONS - GETCHA LIVE CHAMELEONS!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD THEY ARE, UNCLE FAT, BUT I WANT ONE OF THEM LI'L LIZZARDS, TOO!
OKAY, NAT! HERE Y'ARE, FELLER!
BOXES


HELLO, THERE, SONNY BOY, - I SEE YOU'VE GOT A PRETTY CHAMELEON!
OH, YEAH? WHAT'S SO PRETTY ABOUT IT, "PUTTY" NOSE?
NAT!!

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO STOP BEING SO FRESH!! THE CHAMELEON IS PRETTY BECAUSE IT TAKES ON THE SAME COLOR AS ANY PIECE OF MATERIAL YOU PUT IT ON!
NO KIDDIN'!

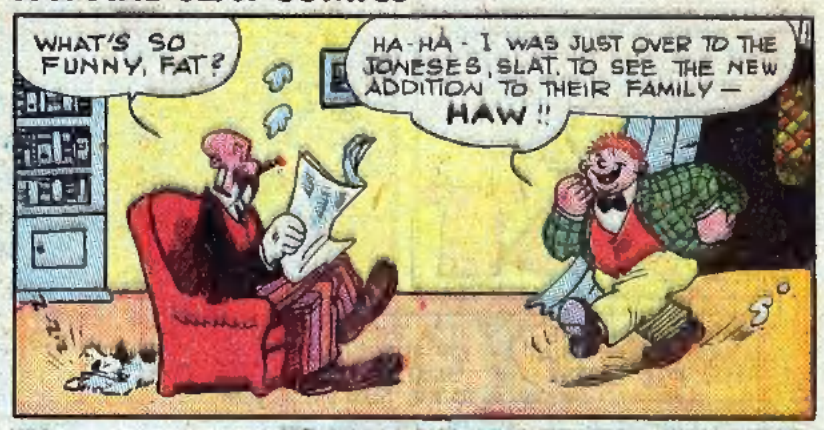

THE NEXT DAY.
WHY THE BIG SMILE, NAT?
HA-HA- MY CHAMELEON IS BUGHOUSE! HO-HO!!

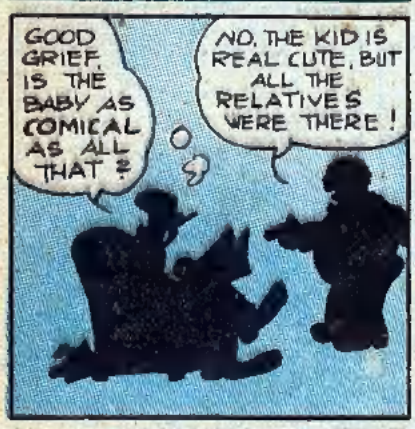
WHY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WELL, I PUT IT ON A BLUE CLOTH AND IT TURNED BLUE!

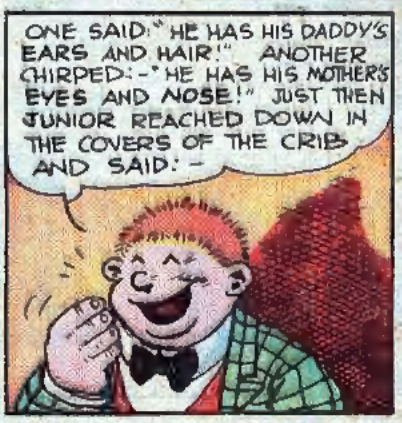
THEN I PUT IT ON A RED CLOTH AND IT TURNED RED!!
NATURALLY!!

NOW I GOT IT ON A PIECE OF PLAID AND IT'S SLOWLY GOING NUTS TRYING TO CHANGE INTO THE RIGHT COLORS!! HAW!!
PLOP!

FAT
and
SLAT

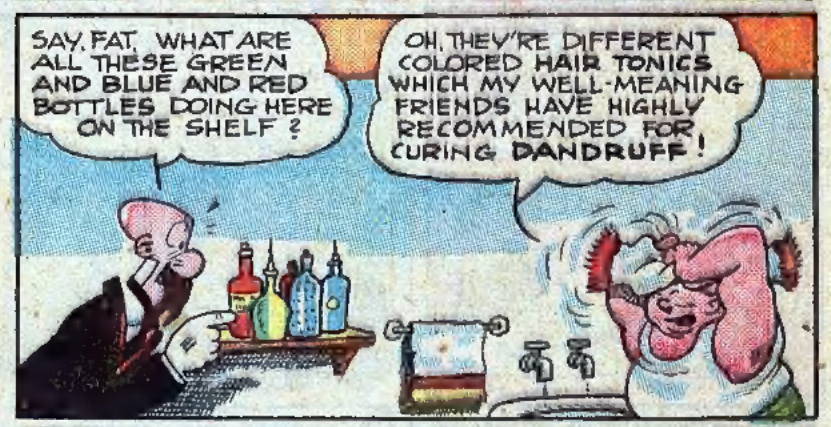

WHAT'S SO FUNNY, FAT?
HA-HA - I WAS JUST OVER TO THE JONESES, SLAT, TO SEE THE NEW ADDITION TO THEIR FAMILY — HAW!!


GOOD GRIEF, IS THE BABY AS COMICAL AS ALL THAT?
NO, THE KID IS REAL CUTE, BUT ALL THE RELATIVES WERE THERE!


ONE SAID: "HE HAS HIS DADDY'S EARS AND HAIR!" ANOTHER CHIRPED: - "HE HAS HIS MOTHER'S EYES AND NOSE!" JUST THEN JUNIOR REACHED DOWN IN THE COVERS OF THE CRIB AND SAID: -

"LOOK! - HE EVEN HAS HIS GRANDPA'S TEETH!" HO-HO!
YUK, YUK, YUK!

FAT
and
SLAT


SAY, FAT, WHAT ARE ALL THESE GREEN AND BLUE AND RED BOTTLES DOING HERE ON THE SHELF?
OH, THEY'RE DIFFERENT COLORED HAIR TONICS WHICH MY WELL-MEANING FRIENDS HAVE HIGHLY RECOMMENDED FOR CURING DANDRUFF!

GEE, I WISH I'D KNOWN ABOUT THEM YEARS AGO! DID THEY REALLY HELP YOU GET RID OF YOUR DANDRUFF?

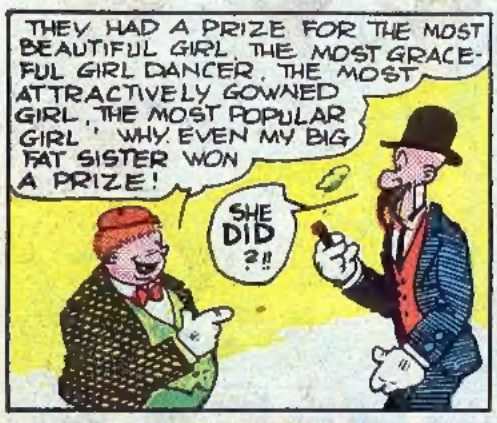
I'LL SAY THEY DID!

NOW I'VE GOT CONFETTI!!!
PLOP!

FAT
and
SLAT

WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT, FAT ?
I TOOK MY SISTER TO THE FIREMEN'S BALL AT THE TOWN HALL, SLAT! BELIEVE ME, IT WAS SOME SHINDIG!

THEY HAD A WHOLE FLOCK OF SPECIAL PRIZES FOR THE GALS, TOO!


THEY HAD A PRIZE FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL, THE MOST GRACEFUL GIRL DANCER, THE MOST ATTRACTIVELY GOWNED GIRL, THE MOST POPULAR GIRL! WHY, EVEN MY BIG FAT SISTER WON A PRIZE!
SHE DID ?!!

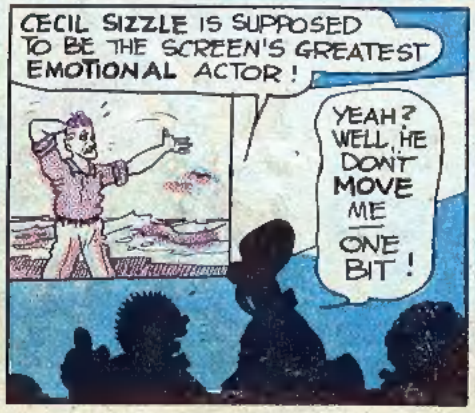
FOR BEING THE MOST WHAT ?

JUST THE MOST!!
PLOP!

FAT
and
SLAT

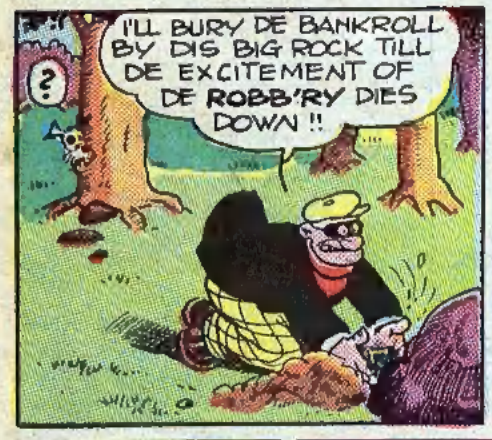
GEE SLAT I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT THIS NEW MOVIE STAR - I'M REALLY CURIOUS ABOUT HIM!
OKAY, FAT.- LET'S GO IN AND SEE WHAT HE'S GOT ON THE BALL!
CECIL SIZZLE IN RAMPSTORM
THRILLING, CHILLING, GRUESOME, GORGEOUS

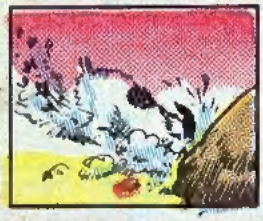
HMM—HE SURE IS SUFFERING!
AND HOW!

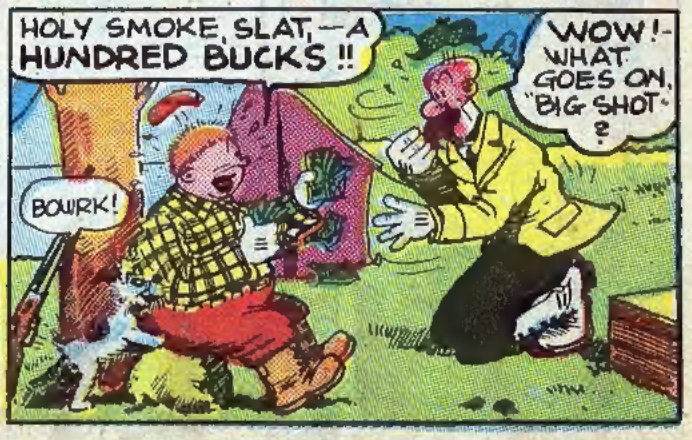

CECIL SIZZLE IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE SCREEN'S GREATEST EMOTIONAL ACTOR!
YEAH? WELL, HE DONT MOVE ME ONE BIT!

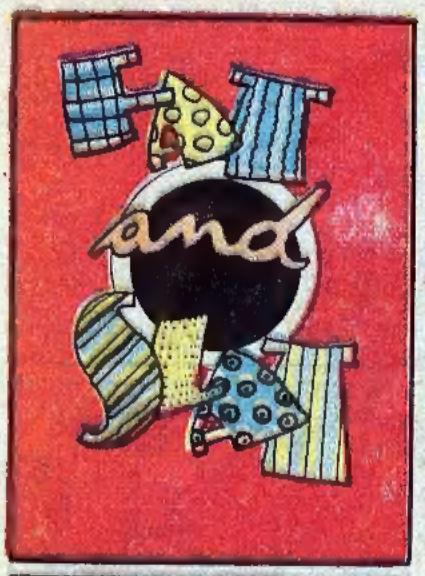
HE DOES ME! I'M LEAVING NOW!!
?

FAT AND SLAT COMICS





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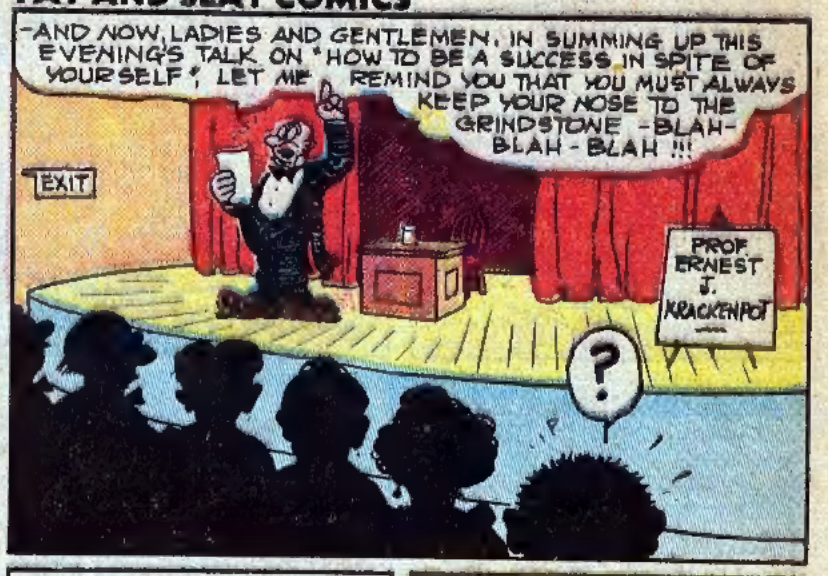

-AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN SUMMING UP THIS EVENING'S TALK ON "HOW TO BE A SUCCESS IN SPITE OF YOURSELF", LET ME REMIND YOU THAT YOU MUST ALWAYS KEEP YOUR NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE -BLAH-BLAH-BLAH !!!
EXIT
PROF. ERNEST J. KRACKENPOT
?

WELL, FAT, HOW DID YOU LIKE PROF. KRACKENPOT'S LECTURE ON SUCCESS? I TAKE GREAT STOCK IN THE PROFESSOR'S SPLENDID IDEAS!
AND I'M STILL DIZZY FROM HIS SCREWBALL SPIEL!

WHY, HE SAID IN ORDER TO MAKE YOUR MARK IN THE WORLD YOU HAD TO KEEP YOUR NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE, YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL, YOUR EAR TO THE GROUND, YOUR EYE ON THE BALL, AND BE ON YOUR TOES EVERY MINUTE! IT CANT BE DONE!!

WHAT D'YOU THINK I AM,-A CONTORTIONIST?
!?!

BIG SLAT

GEE, A POOR LI'L SPIDER!

HE MUST BE SCARED OF ME 'CAUSE HE'S GOING UP AGAIN!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, LI'L SPIDER, - HAVEN'T YOU ANY NERVE AT ALL? OH, WELL, GUESS I'LL TAKE A NAP!

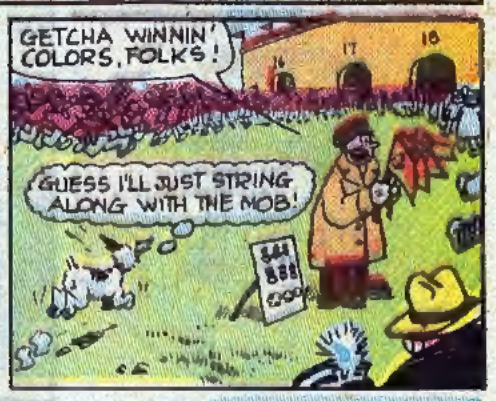
AN HOUR LATER.
ZIZ-

WELL, OF ALL THE DOGGONE NERVE!

BIG-SHOT

?

JUMPIN' DOG BISCUITS! I NEVER SAW SUCH CROWDS! WONDER WHERE THEY'RE ALL GOING?


GETCHA WINNIN' COLORS, FOLKS!
GUESS I'LL JUST STRING ALONG WITH THE MOB!

RAH, RAH, RAH – RAV, RAV, RAV TEAM-TEAM-TEAM!!
OH, BOY, A BIG FIELD WITH POSTS AN' EVERYTHIN'! THIS IS GOWWA BE FUN!!

FWEET-T!

GEE, THAT FELLOW ACROSS THE FIELD MUST BE WHISTLING FOR ME!

HEY!!
GET THAT MUTT OFF THE FIELD!

WHAT THE DICKENS!!
YIPE!!

?
I GOT 'IM!!

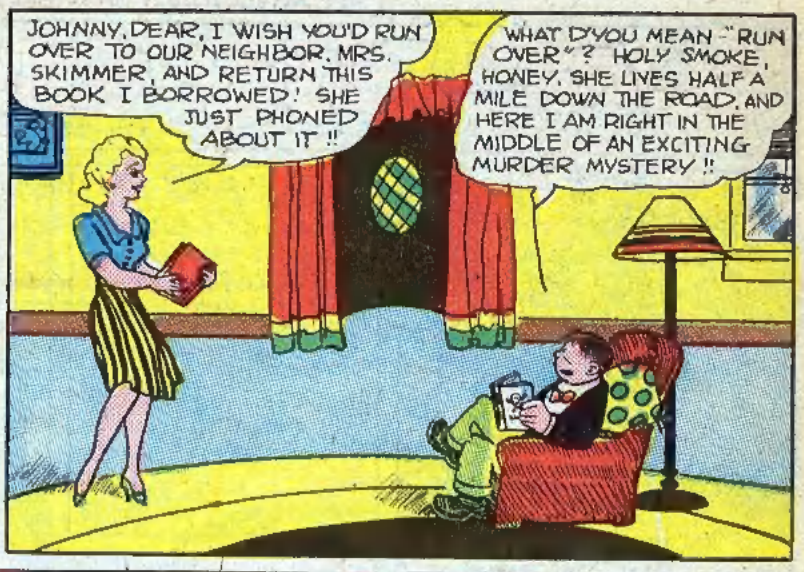
DARNEDEST THING I EVER SAW!!
?
HERE, TAKE 'IM, COACH!

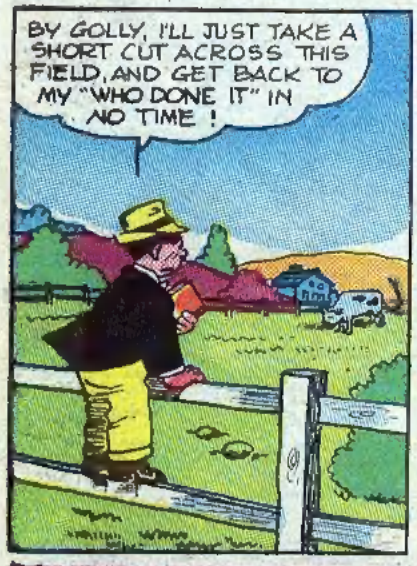
HEY, OFFICER, GET THIS CRAZY DOG OUTA HERE – QUICK!!

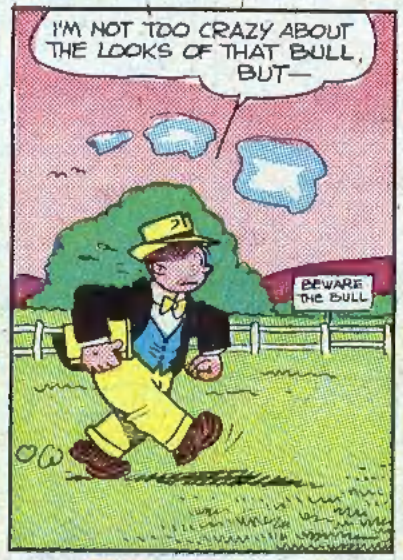
I GOTTA GIVE YA THE AIR, POOCHIE! – THE GATE FER YOU!!
EXIT
?

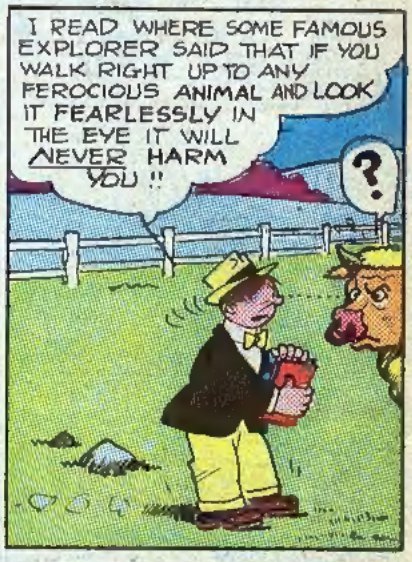
HM-M-M.– SOME FUN!!
SALAD
BOWL

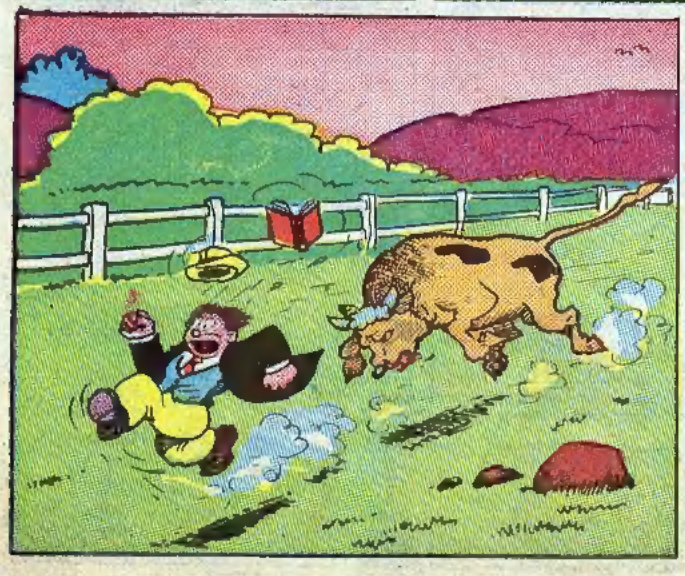
OLD MAN EXPERIENCE
POOR JOHNNY HOPE! HE ALWAYS LEARNS THE HARD WAY!

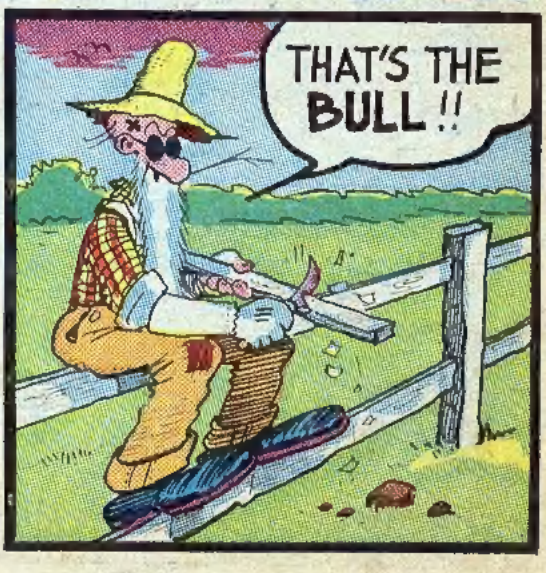

JOHNNY, DEAR, I WISH YOU'D RUN OVER TO OUR NEIGHBOR, MRS. SKIMMER, AND RETURN THIS BOOK I BORROWED! SHE JUST PHONED ABOUT IT!!
WHAT D'YOU MEAN "RUN OVER"? HOLY SMOKE, HONEY, SHE LIVES HALF A MILE DOWN THE ROAD, AND HERE I AM RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF AN EXCITING MURDER MYSTERY!!


BY GOLLY, I'LL JUST TAKE A SHORT CUT ACROSS THIS FIELD, AND GET BACK TO MY "WHO DONE IT" IN NO TIME!


I'M NOT TOO CRAZY ABOUT THE LOOKS OF THAT BULL, BUT—
BEWARE THE BULL


I READ WHERE SOME FAMOUS EXPLORER SAID THAT IF YOU WALK RIGHT UP TO ANY FEROCIOUS ANIMAL AND LOOK IT FEARLESSLY IN THE EYE IT WILL NEVER HARM YOU!!
?

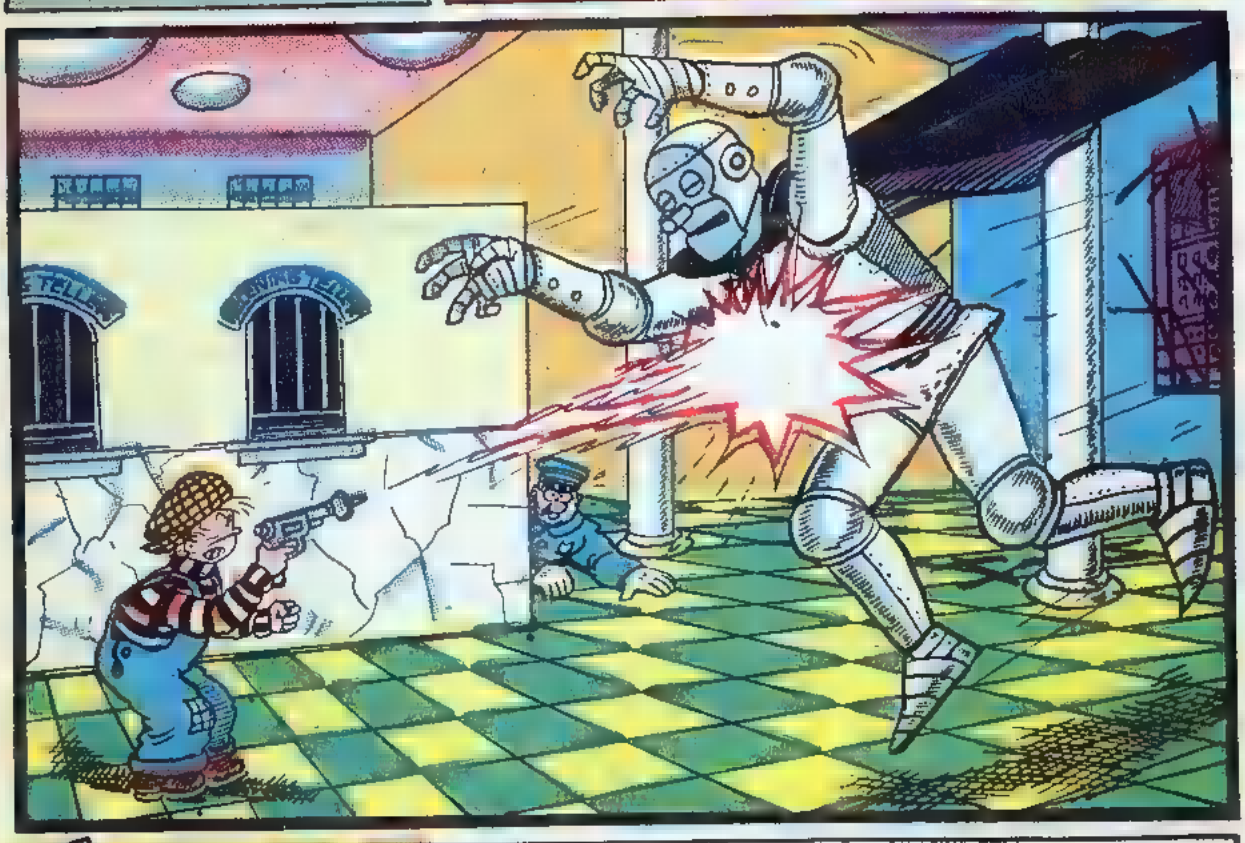



THAT'S THE BULL!!

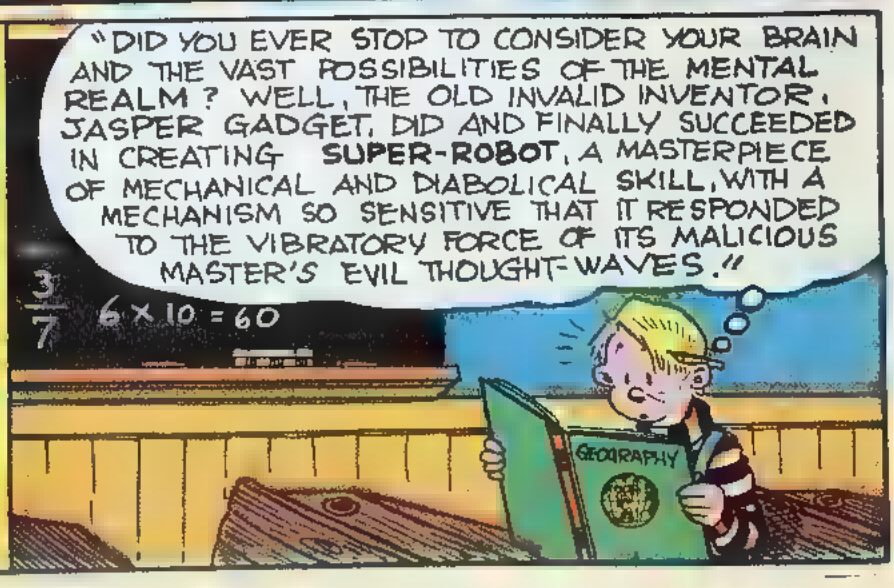
"COMICS" McCORMICK

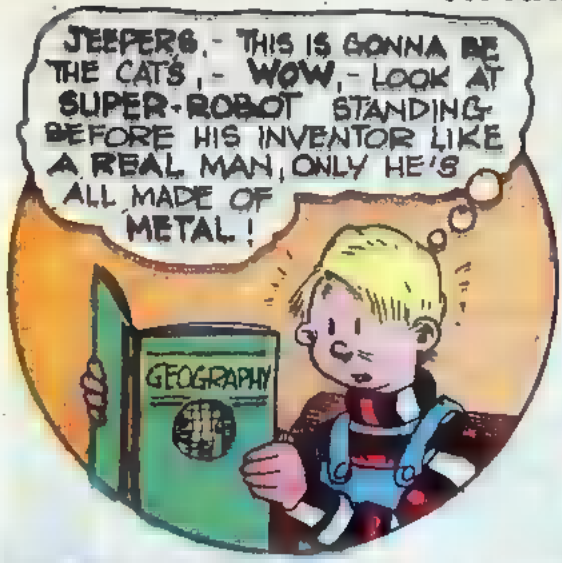
BY Ed Wheelan

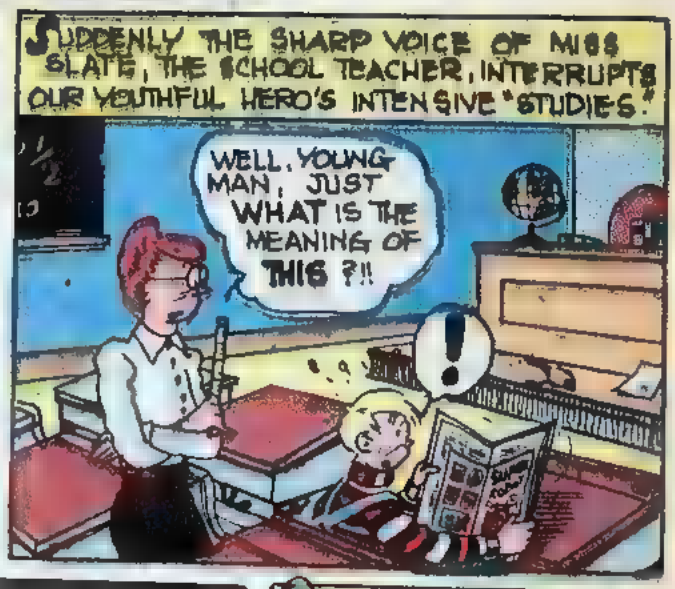
"THE WORLD'S NO.1 COMIC BOOK FAN" HAS A TERRIFIC DAYDREAM ADVENTURE, IN WHICH HE OVERCOMES AND DESTROYS SUPER-ROBOT, A MECHANIZED MONSTER CREATED BY THE WARPED AND TWISTED BRAIN OF AN INVALID INVENTOR.



SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAZE, - YES, FOLKS, IT'S OUR LITTLE FRIEND, "COMICS" McCORMICK, WHO HASN'T BEEN DOING SO WELL LATELY IN HIS GEOGRAPHY LESSONS, SO HE HAS BEEN KEPT AFTER SCHOOL TO DO A BIT OF STUDYING. BUT, SAY, WHAT GOES ON HERE ?!!



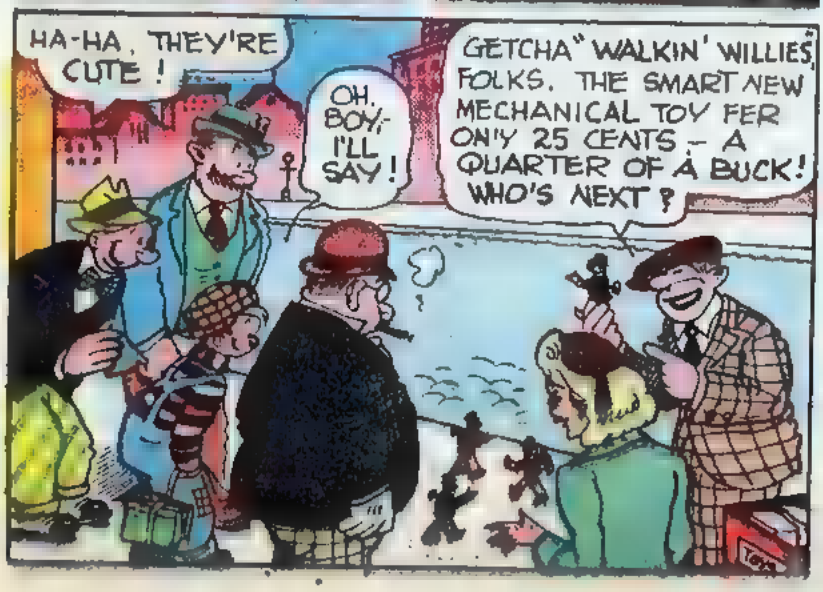

JEEPERS, - THIS IS GONNA BE THE CATS, - WOW, - LOOK AT SUPER-ROBOT STANDING BEFORE HIS INVENTOR LIKE A REAL MAN, ONLY HE'S ALL MADE OF METAL!
GEOGRAPHY

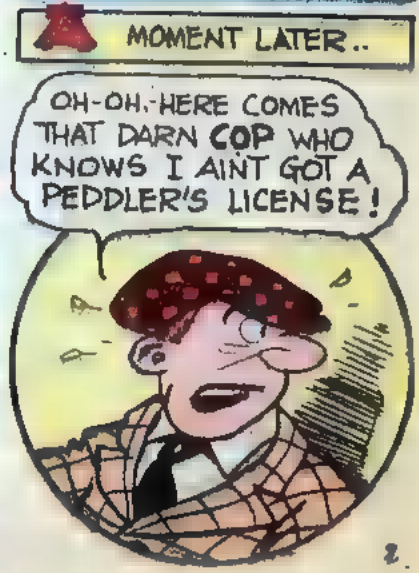

SUDDENLY THE SHARP VOICE OF MISS SLATE, THE SCHOOL TEACHER, INTERRUPTS OUR YOUTHFUL HERO'S INTENSIVE "STUDIES."
WELL, YOUNG MAN, JUST WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS ?!!

I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU, "COMICS"! THERE'S A TIME AND A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, SO I'LL HAVE TO KEEP THIS COMIC BOOK, AND SEND YOU HOME WITH A NOTE TO YOUR MOTHER !!

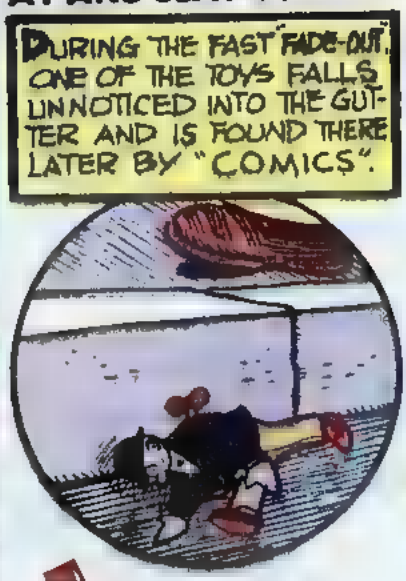
GOLLY, I GUESS MOM'S GONNA BE PRETTY SORE. SHUX, I WISH MISS SLATE DIDN'T WEAR THEM RUBBER SOLES ON HER SHOES !!

ON THE WAY HOME "COMICS" SUDDENLY SPIES A CROWD.
GEE, I WONDER WHAT'S GOIN' ON ?


HA-HA, THEY'RE CUTE!
OH, BOY, I'LL SAY!
GETCHA" WALKIN' WILLIES" FOLKS. THE SMART NEW MECHANICAL TOY FER ONLY 25 CENTS - A QUARTER OF A BUCK! WHO'S NEXT ?

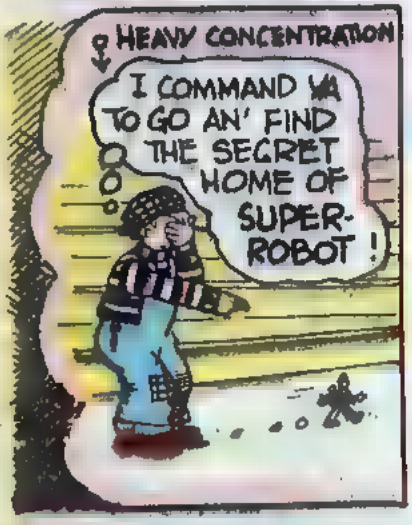

MOMENT LATER..
OH-OH, HERE COMES THAT DARN COP WHO KNOWS I AIN'T GOT A PEDDLER'S LICENSE!

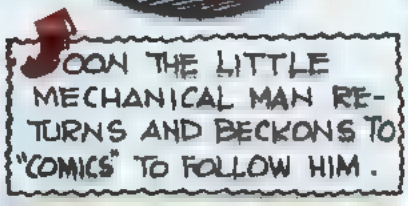
I'M SORRY, FOLKS, BUT THAT CONCLUDES OUR LI'L DEMONSTRATION, SO PLEASE BEAT IT IN A HURRY— SCRAM!
?


DURING THE FAST "FADE-OUT", ONE OF THE TOYS FALLS UNNOTICED INTO THE GUTTER AND IS FOUND THERE LATER BY "COMICS".

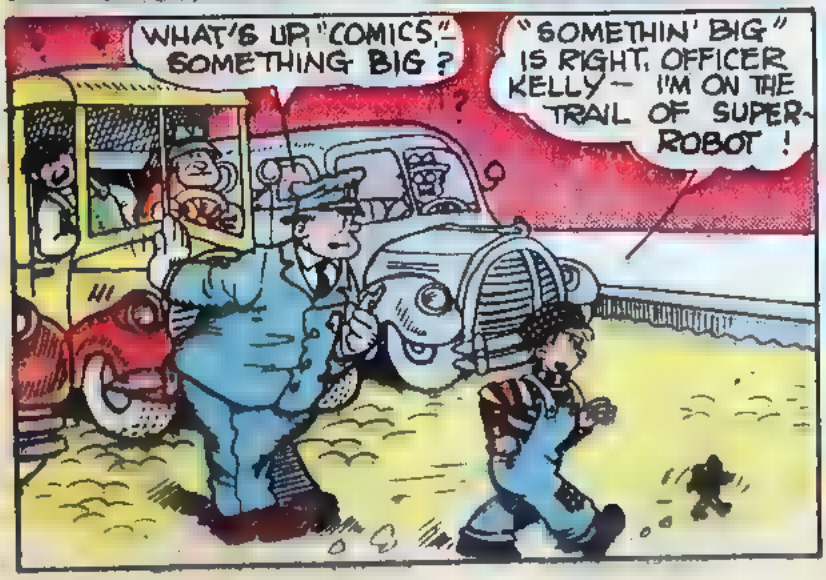
GEE, LI'L ROBOT, I BETCHA MEBBE I COULD MAKE YA OBEY ME IF I THOUGHT HARD ENOUGH!

AND NOW..

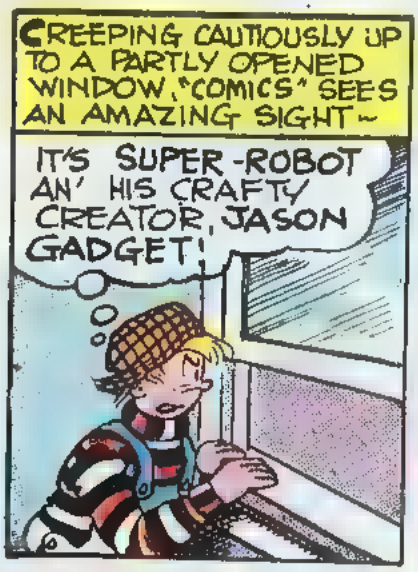

HEAVY CONCENTRATION
I COMMAND YA TO GO AN' FIND THE SECRET HOME OF SUPER-ROBOT!

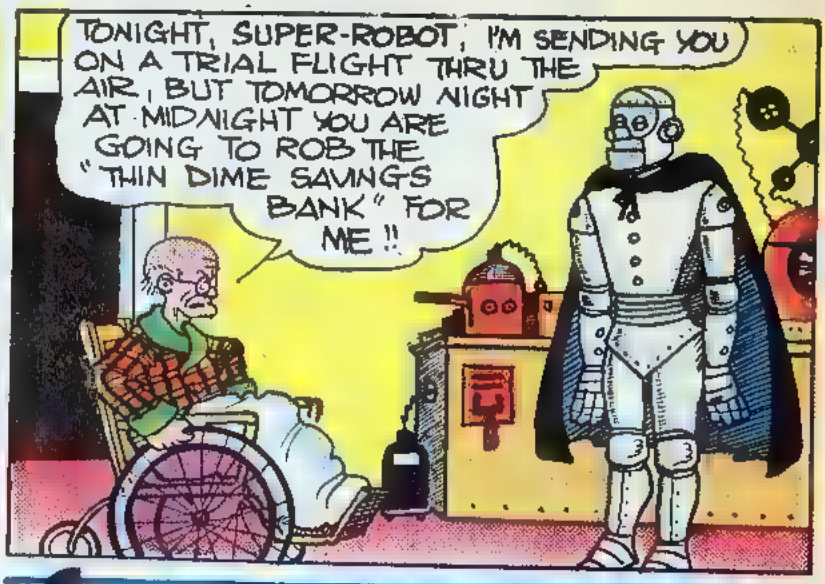

SOON THE LITTLE MECHANICAL MAN RETURNS AND BECKONS TO "COMICS" TO FOLLOW HIM.

OKAY, BOY, - LET'S GO - I'M RIGHT BEHIND YA!

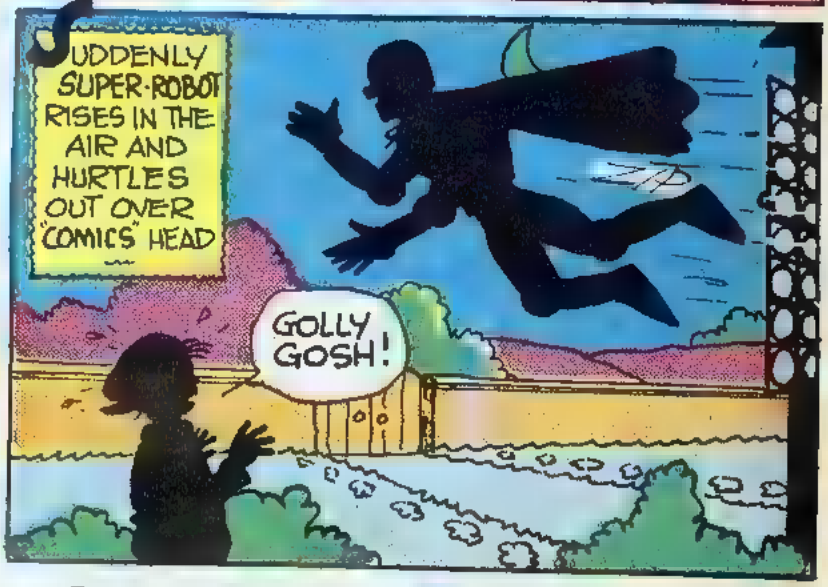

WHAT'S UP, "COMICS,"— SOMETHING BIG?
"SOMETHIN' BIG" IS RIGHT, OFFICER KELLY— I'M ON THE TRAIL OF SUPER-ROBOT!

THE MECHANICAL MAN LEADS THE WAY TO A LONELY HOUSE OUTSIDE THE CITY—
GOSH, WHAT A SPOOKY-LOOKIN' PLACE!


CREEPING CAUTIOUSLY UP TO A PARTLY OPENED WINDOW, "COMICS" SEES AN AMAZING SIGHT ~
IT'S SUPER-ROBOT AN' HIS CRAFTY CREATOR, JASON GADGET!


TONIGHT, SUPER-ROBOT, I'M SENDING YOU ON A TRIAL FLIGHT THRU THE AIR, BUT TOMORROW NIGHT AT MIDNIGHT YOU ARE GOING TO ROB THE "THIN DIME SAVINGS BANK" FOR ME !!

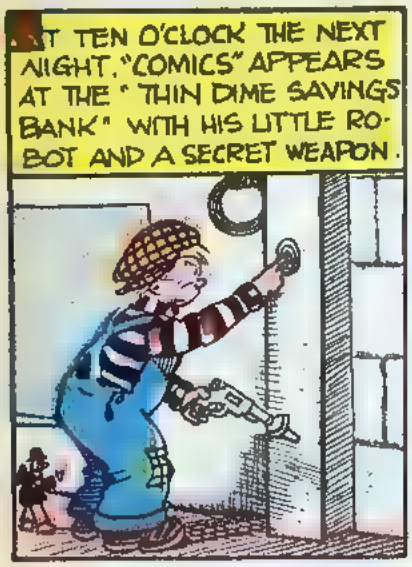
NOW TO CONCENTRATE THE THOUGHT-WAVES OF MY MIGHTY MIND UPON MY METAL MASTER-PIECE !!


SUDDENLY SUPER-ROBOT RISES IN THE AIR AND HURTLES OUT OVER "COMICS" HEAD
GOLLY GOSH!

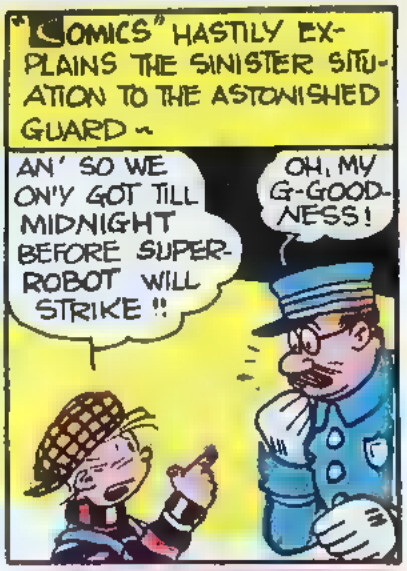
JUST LOOK AT 'IM GO !! – NO ROBOT EVER BEFORE FLEW THRU THE AIR LIKE THAT !

IT LOOKS AS IF SUPER-ROBOT, UNDER THAT INSANE INVENTOR'S DIRECTIONS, WILL BE ABLE TO COMMIT SUPER-CRIMES!

SO COME ON, LI'L FELLER, – WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO !! I'VE GOT TO DESTROY THAT MECHANICAL MONSTER WHEN HE TRIES TO ROB THE BANK AT MIDNIGHT TOMORROW !!
ZIP

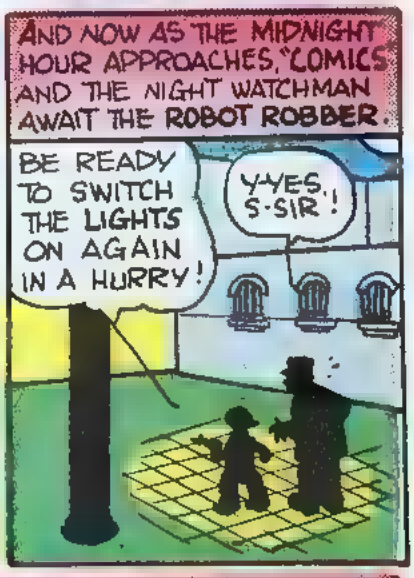

AT TEN O'CLOCK THE NEXT NIGHT, "COMICS" APPEARS AT THE "THIN DIME SAVINGS BANK" WITH HIS LITTLE ROBOT AND A SECRET WEAPON.

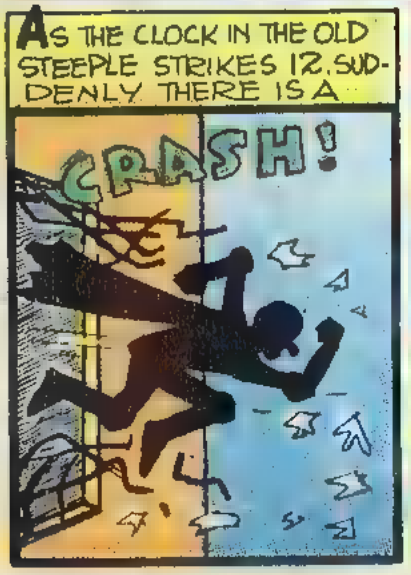
EXCUSE ME BUT YOU'RE THE NIGHT WATCHMAN OF THIS BANK, AINTCHA ?
YES, WHAT DO YOU WANT ?
THIN DIME SAVINGS BANK

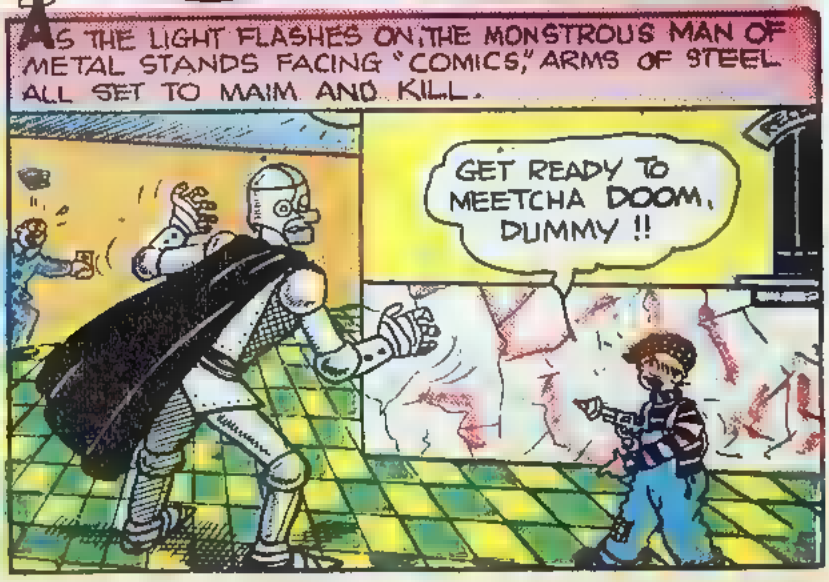

"COMICS" HASTILY EXPLAINS THE SINISTER SITUATION TO THE ASTONISHED GUARD ~
AN' SO WE ON'Y GOT TILL MIDNIGHT BEFORE SUPER-ROBOT WILL STRIKE !!
OH, MY G-GOODNESS!

I GOTTA SEND A NOTE TO THE POLICE NOW TELLIN' THEM WHERE THEY CAN ARREST OLD MAN GADGET, THE INVENTOR!
?

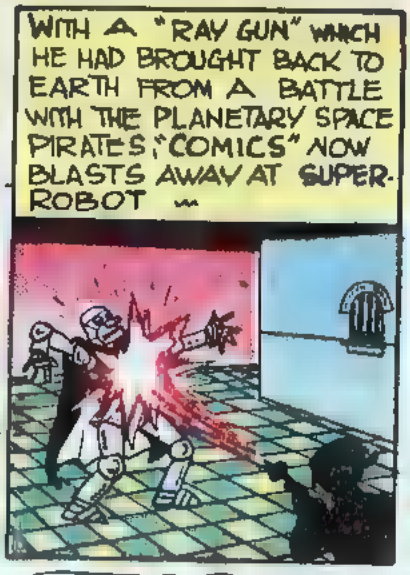
A FEW MINUTES LATER THE LITTLE ROBOT IS ON HIS WAY, GUIDED BY "COMICS'" THOUGHT-WAVES.
For the Police


AND NOW AS THE MIDNIGHT HOUR APPROACHES, "COMICS" AND THE NIGHT WATCHMAN AWAIT THE ROBOT ROBBER.
BE READY TO SWITCH THE LIGHTS ON AGAIN IN A HURRY!
Y-YES, S-SIR!


AS THE CLOCK IN THE OLD STEEPLE STRIKES 12, SUDDENLY THERE IS A
CRASH!


AS THE LIGHT FLASHES ON, THE MONSTROUS MAN OF METAL STANDS FACING "COMICS," ARMS OF STEEL ALL SET TO MAIM AND KILL.
GET READY TO MEETCHA DOOM, DUMMY !!

WHEN THIS "DISINTER-GRATOR" FINISHES WITH YA, THERE WONT BE A THING LEFT,- NOT EVEN A GREASE SPOT !!

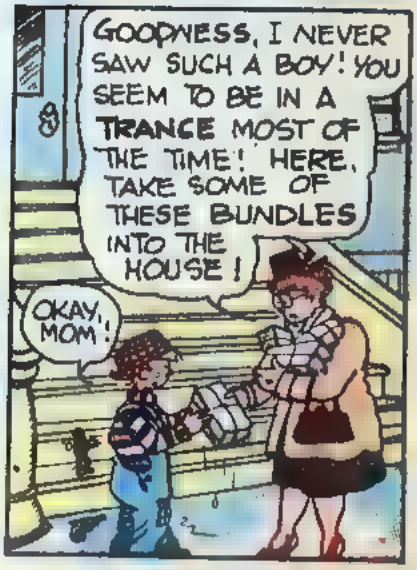

WITH A "RAY GUN" WHICH HE HAD BROUGHT BACK TO EARTH FROM A BATTLE WITH THE PLANETARY SPACE PIRATES, "COMICS" NOW BLASTS AWAY AT SUPER-ROBOT ~

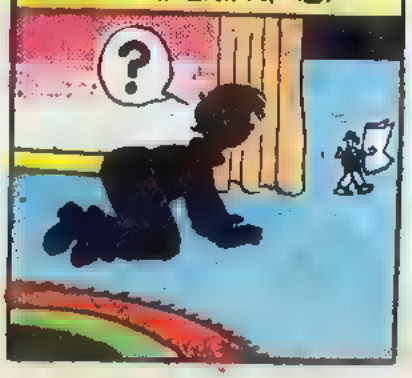
TAKE THAT AN' THAT AN' THAT AN' THAT AN' THAT !!

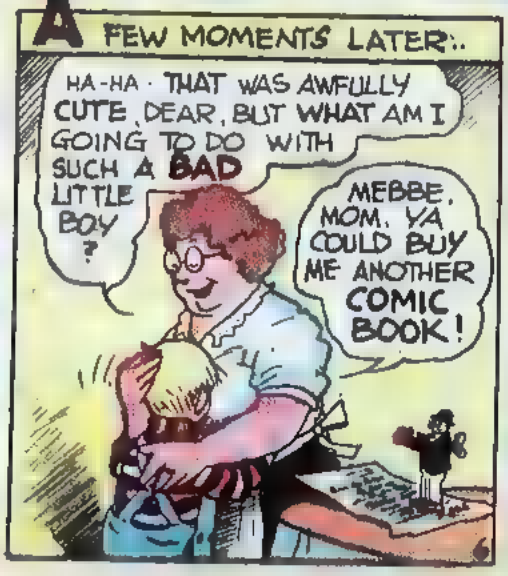
JUST THEN..

"COMICS" McCORMICK!

WHAT IN THE WORLD DO YOU MEAN SQUIRTING MAMA WITH THAT NASTY LITTLE WATER PISTOL ?!!
GEE, I'M SORRY, MOM - I WAS THINKIN' OF SUMPIN' ELSE, - HONEST !!


GOODNESS, I NEVER SAW SUCH A BOY! YOU SEEM TO BE IN A TRANCE MOST OF THE TIME! HERE, TAKE SOME OF THESE BUNDLES INTO THE HOUSE!
OKAY, MOM!


NOW, MORE WORRIED THAN EVER ABOUT THE TEACHER'S REPORT TO HIS MOTHER, OUR YOUNG STRATEGIST SENDS THE NOTE TO HER BY THE LITTLE WALKING TOY.
?

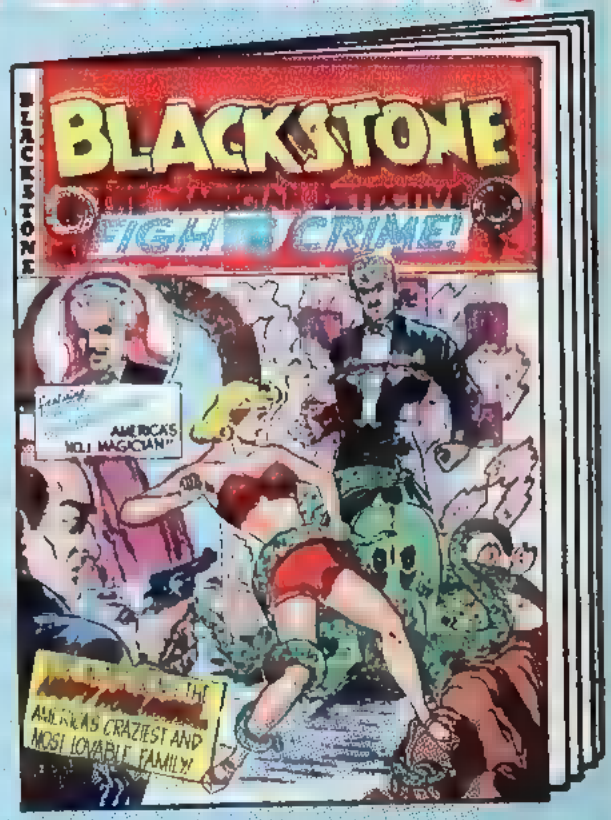

A FEW MOMENTS LATER:..
HA-HA · THAT WAS AWFULLY CUTE, DEAR, BUT WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH SUCH A BAD LITTLE BOY ?
MEBBE, MOM, YA COULD BUY ME ANOTHER COMIC BOOK!

BOYS AND GIRLS:- WATCH FOR FURTHER DAYDREAM ADVENTURES OF "COMICS" McCORMICK, "THE WORLD'S NO.1 COMIC BOOK FAN" IN EVERY ISSUE OF
FAT and SLAT

SOMETHING NEW— AND *DIFFERENT!*

THERE'S A THRILL-A-MINUTE IN STORE FOR YOU, AS YOU FOLLOW THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF *BLACKSTONE*... THE MAGICIAN DETECTIVE ...IN HIS ACTION-PACKED *FIGHT AGAINST CRIME!*

ONLY HARRY BLACKSTONE, AMERICA'S No.1 MAGICIAN, COULD WORK THE MIRACLES THAT MAKE THIS BOOK *NEW* AND *DIFFERENT!* BE SURE TO LOOK FOR....



BLACKSTONE

THE MAGICIAN DETECTIVE

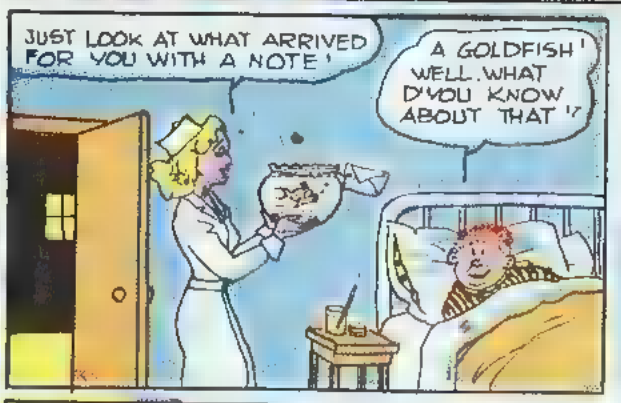
FIGHTS CRIME!

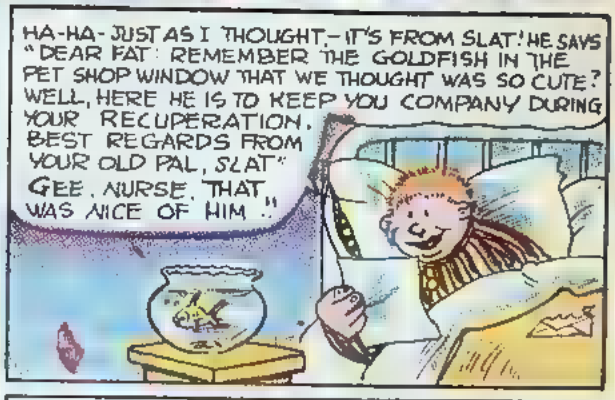
AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

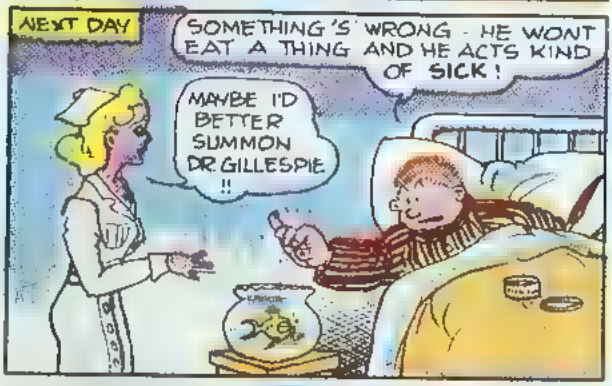
AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

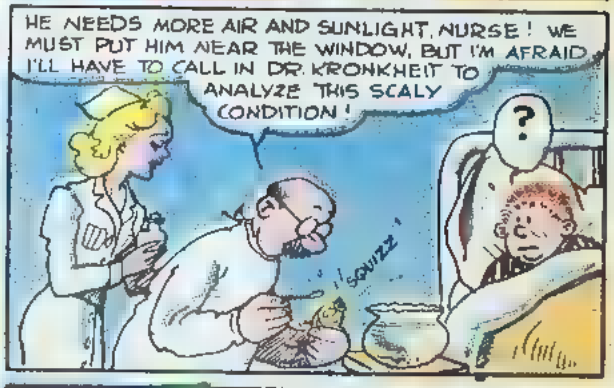
NOW ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

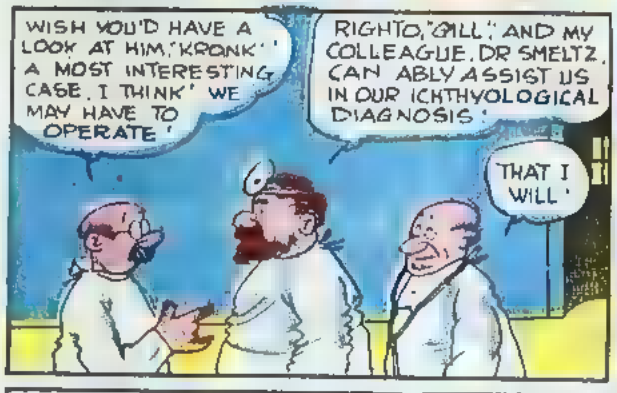
FAT and SLAT

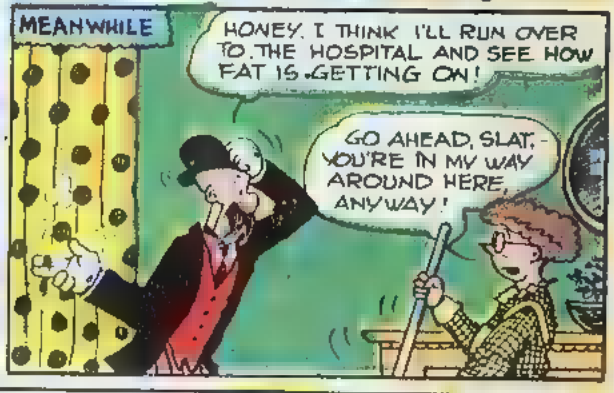

JUST LOOK AT WHAT ARRIVED FOR YOU WITH A NOTE!
A GOLDFISH! WELL, WHAT D'YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT!?

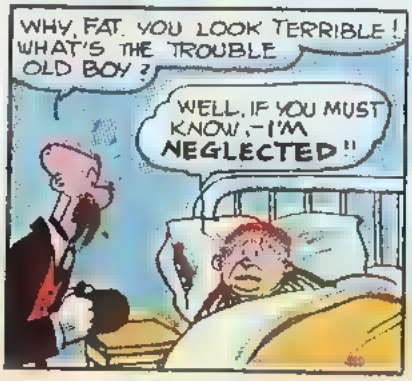

HA-HA- JUST AS I THOUGHT,- IT'S FROM SLAT! HE SAYS "DEAR FAT: REMEMBER THE GOLDFISH IN THE PET SHOP WINDOW THAT WE THOUGHT WAS SO CUTE? WELL, HERE HE IS TO KEEP YOU COMPANY DURING YOUR RECUPERATION. BEST REGARDS FROM YOUR OLD PAL, SLAT"
GEE, NURSE, THAT WAS NICE OF HIM!!

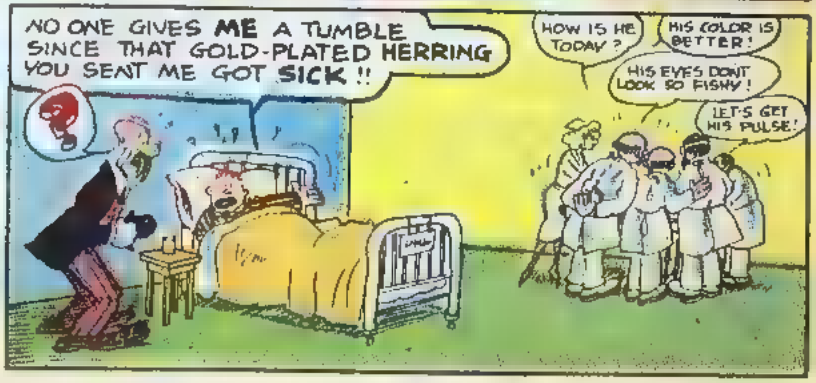

NEXT DAY
SOMETHING'S WRONG - HE WONT EAT A THING AND HE ACTS KIND OF SICK!
MAYBE I'D BETTER SUMMON DR. GILLESPIE!!


HE NEEDS MORE AIR AND SUNLIGHT, NURSE! WE MUST PUT HIM NEAR THE WINDOW, BUT I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO CALL IN DR. KRONKHEIT TO ANALYZE THIS SCALY CONDITION!
?
SQUIZZ!

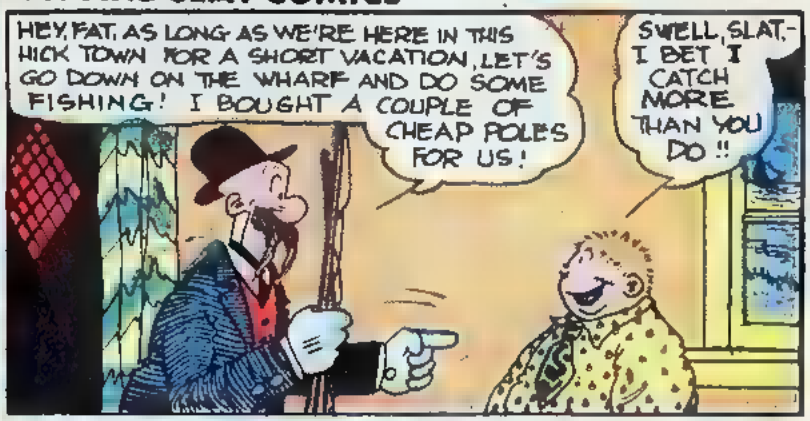

WISH YOU'D HAVE A LOOK AT HIM, "KRONK"! A MOST INTERESTING CASE, I THINK! WE MAY HAVE TO OPERATE!
RIGHTO, "GILL"! AND MY COLLEAGUE, DR SMELTZ, CAN ABLY ASSIST US IN OUR ICHTHYOLOGICAL DIAGNOSIS!
THAT I WILL!

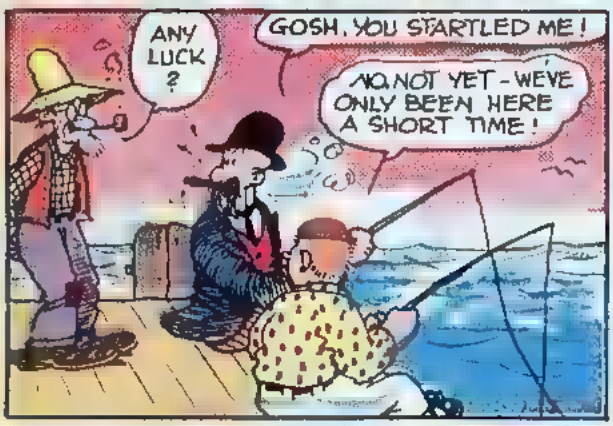

MEANWHILE
HONEY, I THINK I'LL RUN OVER TO THE HOSPITAL AND SEE HOW FAT IS GETTING ON!
GO AHEAD, SLAT,- YOU'RE IN MY WAY AROUND HERE, ANYWAY!

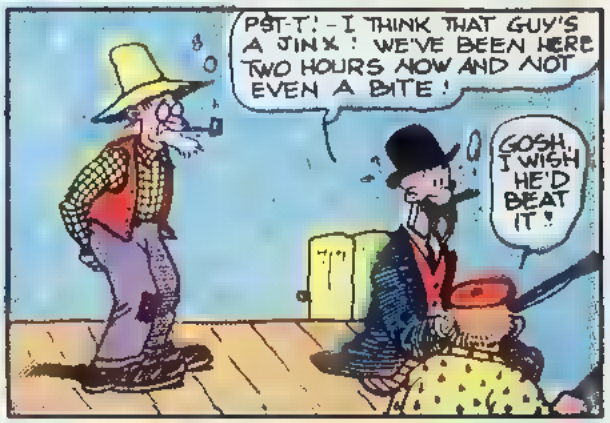

WHY, FAT, YOU LOOK TERRIBLE! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE OLD BOY?
WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW,- I'M NEGLECTED!!

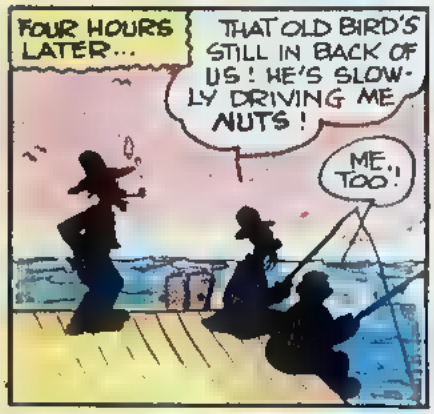

NO ONE GIVES ME A TUMBLE SINCE THAT GOLD-PLATED HERRING YOU SENT ME GOT SICK!!
HOW IS HE TODAY?
HIS COLOR IS BETTER!
HIS EYES DONT LOOK SO FISHY!
LET'S GET HIS PULSE!

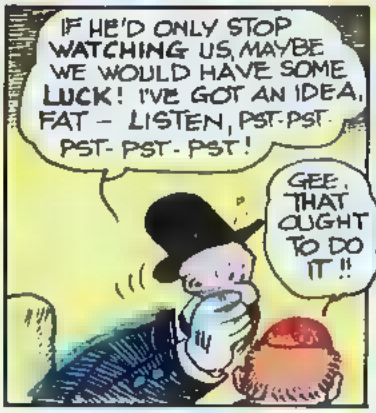
FAT AND SLAT COMICS

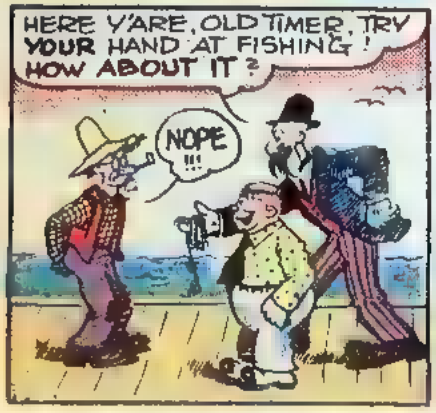


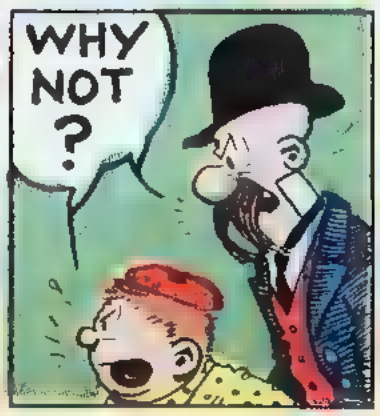




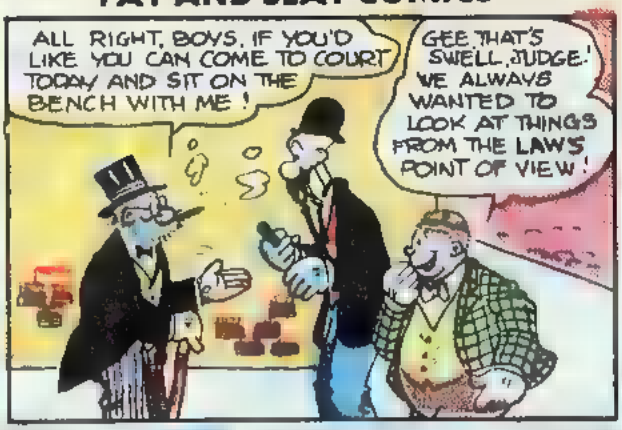


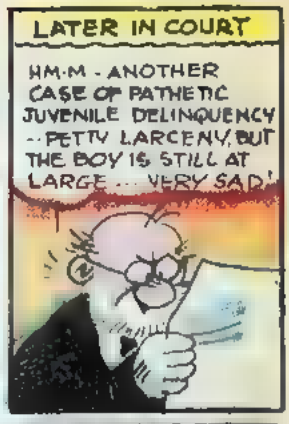


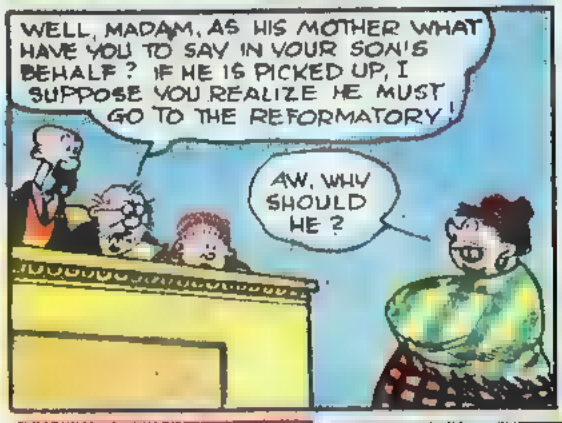


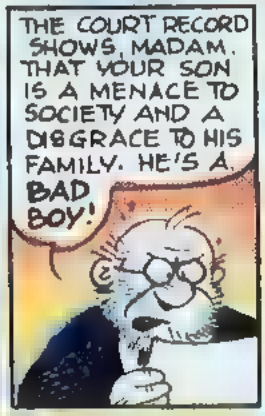


FAT
and
SLAT


ALL RIGHT, BOYS, IF YOU'D LIKE YOU CAN COME TO COURT TODAY AND SIT ON THE BENCH WITH ME!
GEE, THAT'S SWELL, JUDGE! WE ALWAYS WANTED TO LOOK AT THINGS FROM THE LAW'S POINT OF VIEW!

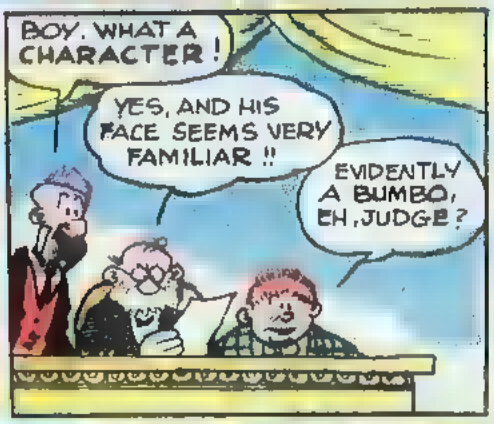

LATER IN COURT
HM-M - ANOTHER CASE OF PATHETIC JUVENILE DELINQUENCY -- PETTY LARCENY, BUT THE BOY IS STILL AT LARGE ... VERY SAD!

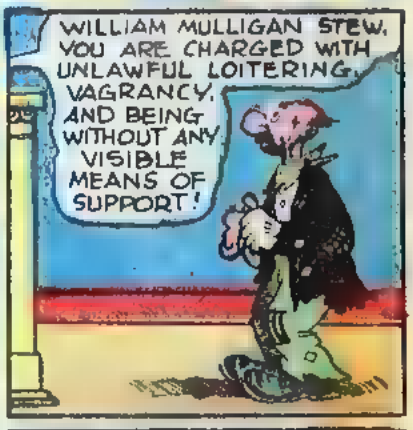

WELL, MADAM, AS HIS MOTHER WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY IN YOUR SON'S BEHALF? IF HE IS PICKED UP, I SUPPOSE YOU REALIZE HE MUST GO TO THE REFORMATORY!
AW, WHY SHOULD HE?

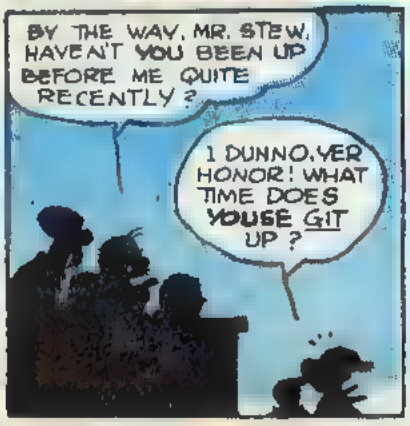

THE COURT RECORD SHOWS, MADAM, THAT YOUR SON IS A MENACE TO SOCIETY AND A DISGRACE TO HIS FAMILY. HE'S A BAD BOY!

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, YER HONOR! HE'S A GOOD BOY! WHY, HE NEVER STOLE A TING WIDOUT GIV'IN' ME HALF!!
FLOP! FLOP! FLOP!

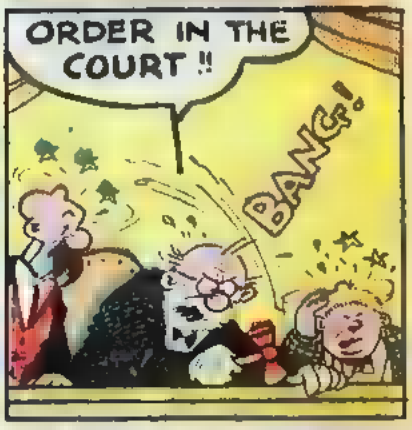
FAT
and
SLAT


BOY, WHAT A CHARACTER!
YES, AND HIS FACE SEEMS VERY FAMILIAR!!
EVIDENTLY A BUMBO, EH, JUDGE?


WILLIAM MULLIGAN STEW, YOU ARE CHARGED WITH UNLAWFUL LOITERING, VAGRANCY, AND BEING WITHOUT ANY VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT!


BY THE WAY, MR. STEW, HAVEN'T YOU BEEN UP BEFORE ME QUITE RECENTLY?
I DUNNO, YER HONOR! WHAT TIME DOES YOUSE GIT UP?

HA-HA!
?!
HAW!


ORDER IN THE COURT!!
BANG!

DEATH IN THE PARK!

JIM TERRY was dozing at his desk when the phone rang.

"Hul-hullo!" he muttered, stifling a yawn. "Masonville Examiner! Terry speaking!"

The blond reporter was accustomed to hearing a lot of strange things, most of them involving trouble, but the voice that came over the wire made his eyes pop and his face turn chalk-white. And what the voice was *saying* was even stranger . . . the unlit cigarette clamped between his lips when he had fallen asleep in the newspaper office popped out of his mouth, and onto the litter of papers covering the top of his desk.

"I am going to end it all," a woman's voice said, in an even, completely unemotional tone. "You'll find my body on a bench—in the Park on the Square."

And that was all, except for one other sound. The sound of a dog growling. He could hear the animal's baying over the phone, as if it were in distress. Perhaps, thought Jim, the animal sensed what its mistress was about to do.

Jim sat for a moment, frozen to his chair. He heard a distinct click, and only then did he hang up the telephone receiver. The girl had given no name, but he knew for a certainty that the voice he had just heard was Vivian Leroy's. Vivian Leroy, the actress. Once she had been a great name on Broadway — the beautiful darling of stage and screen. Now she was just another ex-actress . . . impoverished, alone, almost forgotten. Yes, that throbbing voice with the husky catch in it . . . could belong to no one but *Vivian Leroy!*

Jim reflected for a moment. Was this a gag? A publicity stunt? Was she trying to make a comeback by playing on the public's sympathy? Why had she called the newspaper at all — unless she wanted to be stopped?

Frowning, the reporter struggled into his overcoat. He'd stop her all right. He'd go out to that Park and give her a good talking-to, after which he'd stake her to a good meal — if she needed it. Mentally, Jim reviewed the names of Actor's Agents he knew . . . Agents who might get Vivian Leroy a bit on Broadway.

JIM TOOK A DEEP BREATH, as he plunged into the brisk air of early dawn. He glanced at his watch . . . 5:20. A heck of a time to drag a fellow out on a phoney suicide! The more he thought about it, the more Jim was convinced that he'd been a sap to believe her yarn even for a second!

He was whistling when he entered the Park at its south end, a few minutes later. He peered through the half-light, at rows of empty benches. Dew soaked his shoes and socks as he plowed through the grass. Dew was on everything.

So far, not a sign of Vivian Leroy. Wasn't she going to show up? Jim bit his lip thoughtfully, and started across the Park. He passed the Zoo. Not a soul was in the vicinity. The roar of lions was in the air. The jungle beasts stalked up and down . . . up and down . . . their cat-like eyes turned on Jim. Now and then one of them let out a full-throated roar. The others took up the cry, and soon the place was a tremendous medley of sound.

It got on Jim's nerves. He walked past the Zoo area, beginning to feel uneasy. He'd covered nearly the whole Park area, yet he had not seen a sign of Vivian Leroy. Where was she?

Then, suddenly, he saw her! She was sitting on a bench . . . her head flopped forward on her chest. A gun was nestled in her lap. *She was dead!*

Jim stood staring at the scene for a moment, as though he couldn't quite believe what he saw.

So she *did* mean it!" he breathed softly, to himself. "I suppose that's the way a big dramatic actress *would* go out — in a sensational way! Call up a newspaper, and announce the whole thing as if it was going to be a big production!" Ten years before, Vivian Leroy's name was on everyone's lips, Jim mused, his eyes misting slighly. And now—

He shook his head, and started to turn away. And in that moment, he caught sight of it. Barely perceptible, it was—an outline on the bench, as if made by someone sitting next to Vivian Leroy. Jim bent closer. Then he saw what caused the outline. The bench, like everything else at this early morning hour, was covered with dew. Someone had sat down on the bench and absorbed the moisture into his clothing. *That area of the bench was dry!*

JIM'S EYES GLOWED with sudden understanding. "Someone was sitting next to Vivian Leroy a little while ago!" he told himself. "She's not a suicide . . . she was *MURDERED!* Yes, and in spite of that strange phone-

call Vivian Leroy made!" Jim thought for a moment. "There's only one answer to that the murderer must have *forced* her to make that call, before he killed her!"

It still bothered Jim that he didn't know *why* she had made the call, to establish an alibi for her murderer—if she knew she was about to die anyway And *who* was the mysterious killer? Where was he now? Was he lurking in the Park?

Sweat beaded the reporter's brow as he heard stealthy footsteps behind him. Could it be the killer returning to get *him?*

He bent forward just as the man leaped onto his back. Jim lifted his hands, encircled them about his assailant's neck, and heaved forward. The man toppled over Jim's head, hit the ground with a thud, and groaned heavily. Jim gasped in dismay . . it was a *Policeman!* And the look in his eye was certainly not friendly!

Jim spluttered apologies. He helped the bluecoat to his feet, inquiring if he were injured, but noting at the same time that the only thing the cop had injured was his dignity

"Reporter or no reporter, I've a mind to run you in! the cop barked, brushing the dirt off his uniform. "How do I know *you* didn't kill the lady?"

A sudden benign look spread over the officer's face, changing it like magic. Puzzled, the reporter followed the cop's gaze. A distinguished looking man about fifty, with grey hair, was approaching from the west path. He nodded to the officer.

"Hello, Shanahan," he said. "What seems to be the trouble?"

Then he saw the body on the bench. His expression changed abruptly.

"Oh!" he said. "Oh! That's too bad! Pretty little thing, wasn't she?" Then he seemed to recognize her, and said in a startled tone: "Why, it—it's Vivian Leroy, the actress!"

Jim knew who the distinguished-looking man was. Melvin Peabody was the head of one of the largest chains of broadcasting stations in the country. Some time before there had been a scandal about his using illegal methods to put the smaller radio stations out of business —but the whole affair had been successfully hushed-up. Peabody lived in the old colonial house ■ the edge of the Park.

"I heard something that sounded like a shot," he explained. "So I got dressed and came out here to see what it was. Didn't want to trouble the Police Force over nothing But . . " he shook his head sadly. " . . this is certainly too bad. There have been several rumors that she was short of funds, but I didn't think that it was bad enough to drive her to suicide."

"Suicide?" The cop's eyes opened wide. "You think this fellow's tellin' the truth then, 'bout gettin' a phone call and all?"

Jim repeated his story for Peabody's benefit. The millionaire nodded thoughtfully.

"He's probably telling the truth, Shanahan," Peabody said. "Certainly looks like an obvious case of suicide to me. Anyway, he's a reporter. You can always check up on him later."

Shanahan, scowled, but agreed to let Jim leave the Park, with a promise that he would not leave town. Jim accompanied Peabody to his house at the edge of the Park. He thanked him for his influence on Shanahan.

"That crazy cop might have run me in," Jim said. "I'm sure that they would have released me in a few hours, but I can't afford to waste a minute. Between you and me, Mr. Peabody—that girl was *murdered!* I don't know—maybe I'm nuts—but something keeps running back and forth through my mind. During that telephone call I received from Vivian Leroy, I heard a *dog* growling. Does that strike you as being odd?"

Peabody's face became suddenly serious. He eyed Jim very closely.

"A dog?" he asked, at length. "Are you quite sure that you weren't imagining it?"

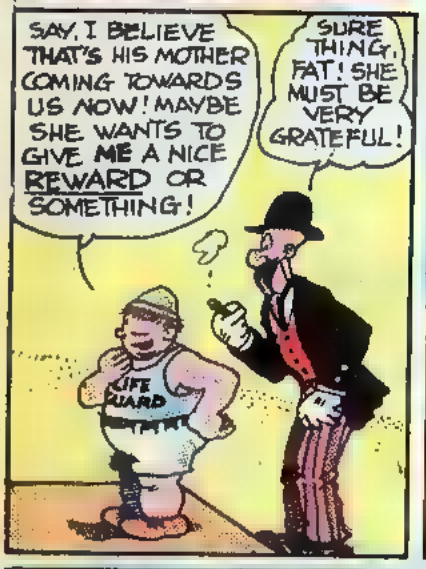
"Oh, I'm quite sure!" said Jim. "But there's no harm in checking up, anyway. That's what I intend to do right now. S'long Mr. Peabody—and thanks again for helping me with that cop."

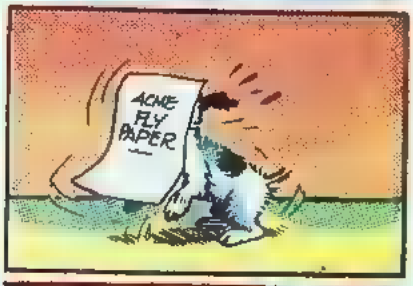
THE MILLIONAIRE went up the tree-lined path to the rambling white colonial-style house. Jim turned away, and lifted his collar against the crispness of the early morning air. He short-cutted through the Park to the city street.

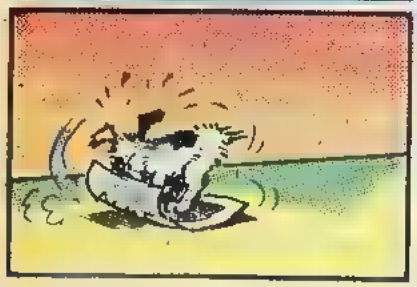
But he didn't get very far. A bullet whistled close by his head. Then another. Jim sprawled his full-length on the ground and held his breath while the leaden missiles of death missed his creeping form by inches!

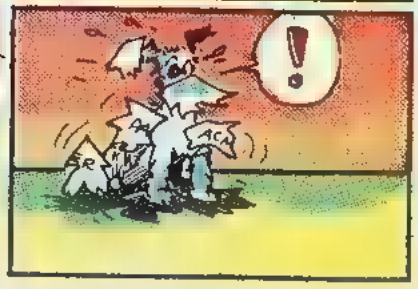
Will Jim Terry be able to escape from the Killer who still lurks in the Park? Read about it in the next issue of FAT AND SLAT!

FAT AND SLAT COMICS



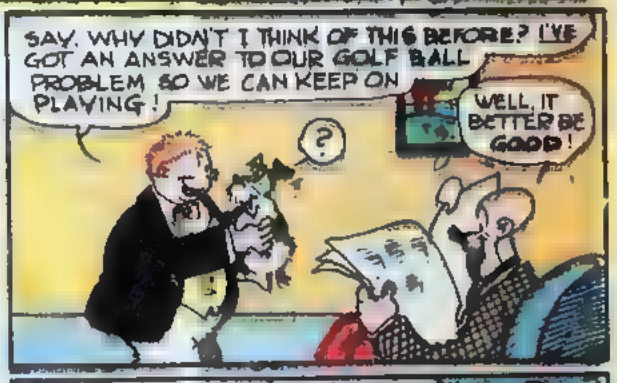


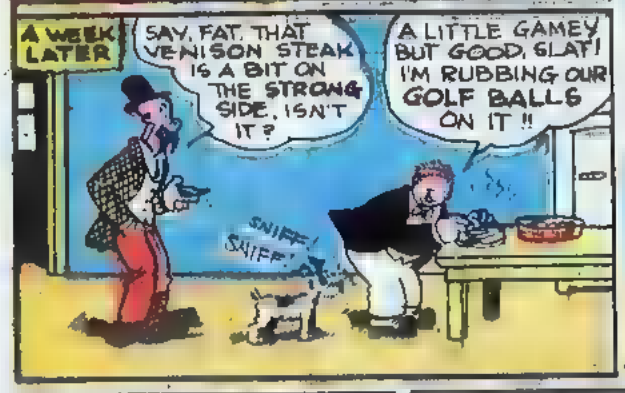


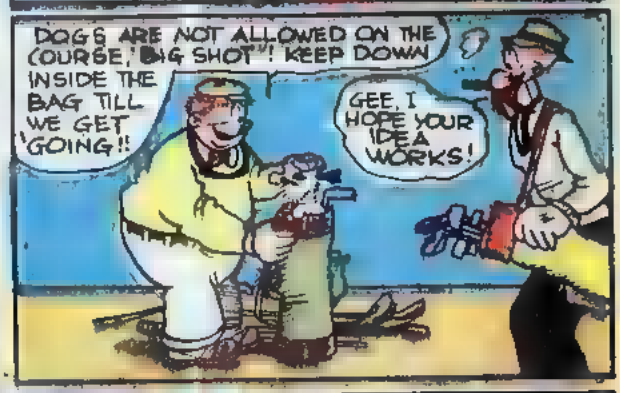


FAT and SLAT

WE CAN NEVER GET A CADDY AT THIS CLUB AND I LOSE 3 OR 4 BALLS EVERY TRIP! I CAN'T AFFORD IT, FAT! I'M GOING TO QUIT!!
I LOST 5 TODAY AND 6 LAST TIME! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, SLAT!


SAY, WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE? I'VE GOT AN ANSWER TO OUR GOLF BALL PROBLEM SO WE CAN KEEP ON PLAYING!
?
WELL, IT BETTER BE GOOD!

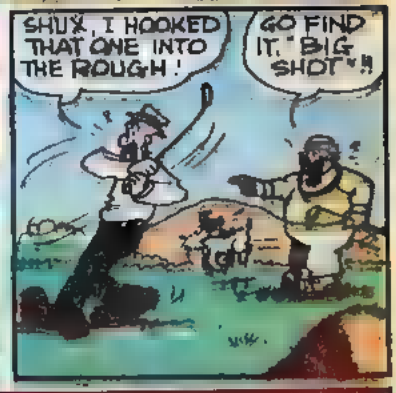

A WEEK LATER
SAY, FAT, THAT VENISON STEAK IS A BIT ON THE STRONG SIDE, ISN'T IT?
A LITTLE GAMEY BUT GOOD, SLAT! I'M RUBBING OUR GOLF BALLS ON IT!!
SNIFF! SNIFF!

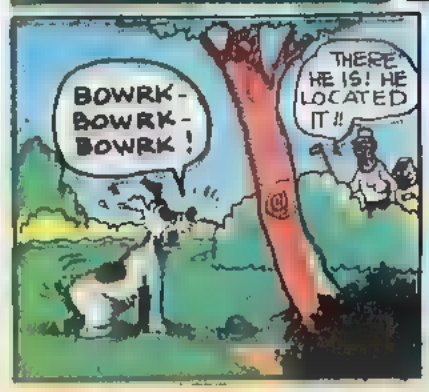

DOGS ARE NOT ALLOWED ON THE COURSE, "BIG SHOT"! KEEP DOWN INSIDE THE BAG TILL WE GET GOING!!
GEE, I HOPE YOUR IDEA WORKS!

WOW, WHAT A SLICE, AND OUT OF BOUNDS, TOO! GO FIND IT, "BIG SHOT"!
?

SNIFF, SNIFF, SNIFF!

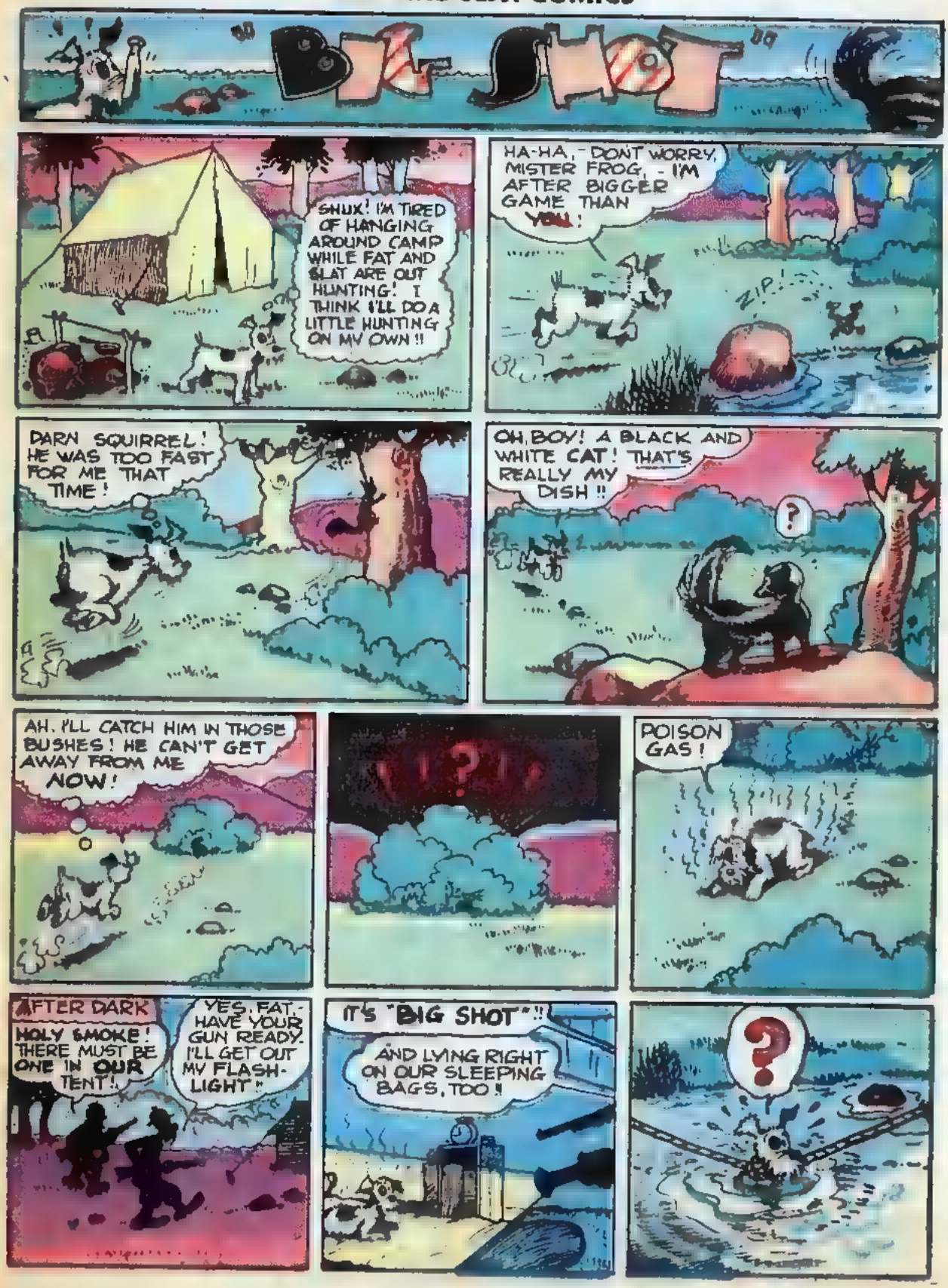
BOWRK-BOWRK!


SHUX, I HOOKED THAT ONE INTO THE ROUGH!
GO FIND IT, "BIG SHOT"!!

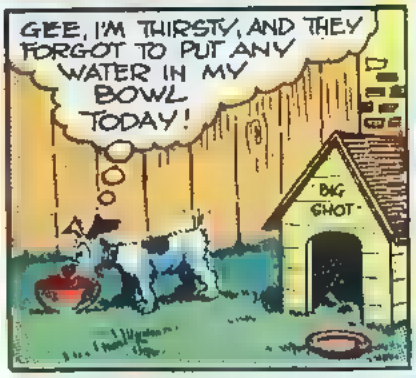

BOWRK-BOWRK-BOWRK!
THERE HE IS! HE LOCATED IT!!

GOOD OLD "BIG SHOT"! WE DIDN'T LOSE A BALL!!
BOWRK!!

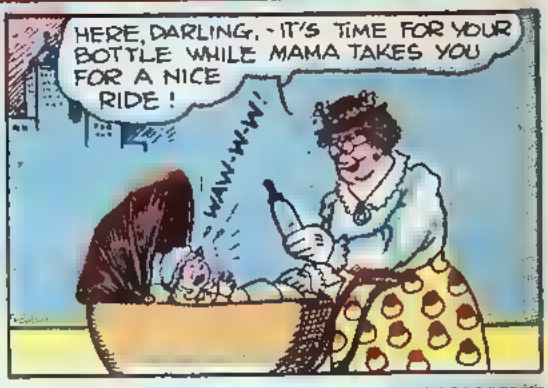
GLUP GLUP
THE VENISON STEAK.

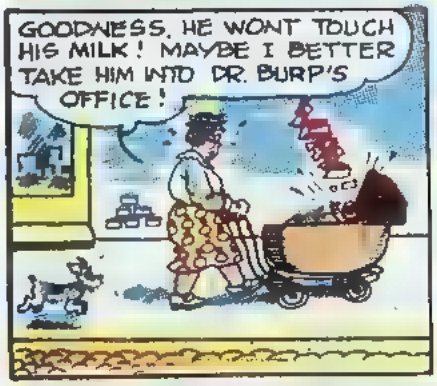

"BIG SHOT"
SHUX! I'M TIRED OF HANGING AROUND CAMP WHILE FAT AND SLAT ARE OUT HUNTING! I THINK I'LL DO A LITTLE HUNTING ON MY OWN!!
HA-HA, - DON'T WORRY, MISTER FROG, - I'M AFTER BIGGER GAME THAN YOU!
ZIP!
DARN SQUIRREL! HE WAS TOO FAST FOR ME THAT TIME!
OH, BOY! A BLACK AND WHITE CAT! THAT'S REALLY MY DISH!!
?
AH, I'LL CATCH HIM IN THOSE BUSHES! HE CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME NOW!
!?!
POISON GAS!
AFTER DARK
HOLY SMOKE! THERE MUST BE ONE IN OUR TENT!
YES, FAT, - HAVE YOUR GUN READY. I'LL GET OUT MY FLASH-LIGHT!"
IT'S "BIG SHOT"!!
AND LYING RIGHT ON OUR SLEEPING BAGS, TOO!
?

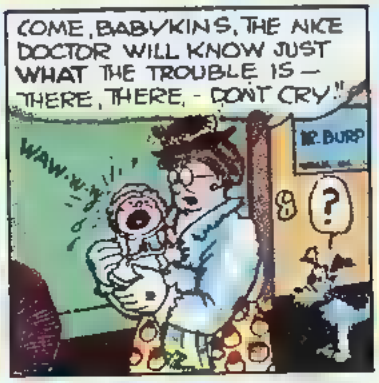
"BIG SHOT"

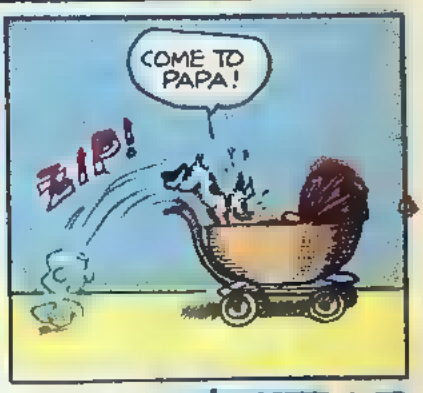

GEE, I'M THIRSTY, AND THEY FORGOT TO PUT ANY WATER IN MY BOWL TODAY!
BIG SHOT

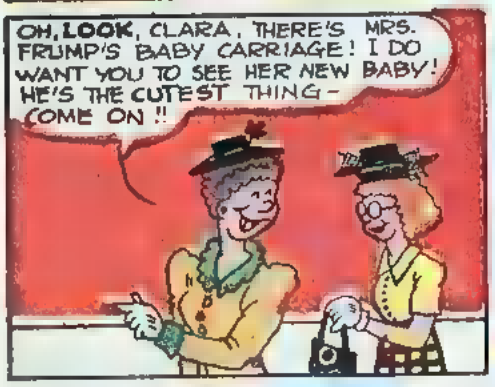
WELL, I'VE GOT TO FIND SOMETHING TO DRINK SOMEHOW !!


HERE, DARLING, - IT'S TIME FOR YOUR BOTTLE WHILE MAMA TAKES YOU FOR A NICE RIDE!
WAW-W-W!


GOODNESS, HE WONT TOUCH HIS MILK! MAYBE I BETTER TAKE HIM INTO DR. BURP'S OFFICE!


COME, BABYKINS, THE NICE DOCTOR WILL KNOW JUST WHAT THE TROUBLE IS — THERE, THERE, - DON'T CRY!
WAW-W-W!
DR. BURP
?

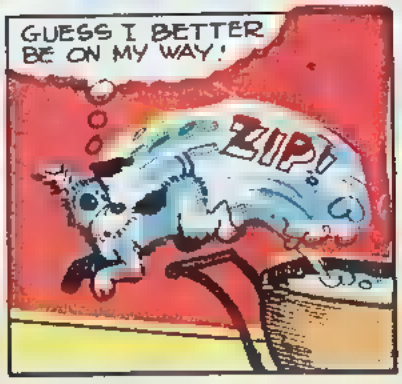

COME TO PAPA!
ZIP!

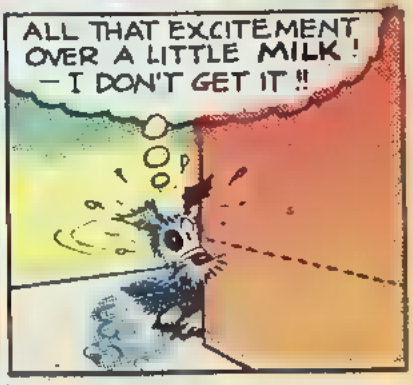

OH, LOOK, CLARA, THERE'S MRS. FRUMP'S BABY CARRIAGE! I DO WANT YOU TO SEE HER NEW BABY! HE'S THE CUTEST THING — COME ON!!

WE'LL STEAL UP AND SURPRISE THE LITTLE DEAR! TEE-HEE, - COOCHIE-COO, - WE KNOW YOU!

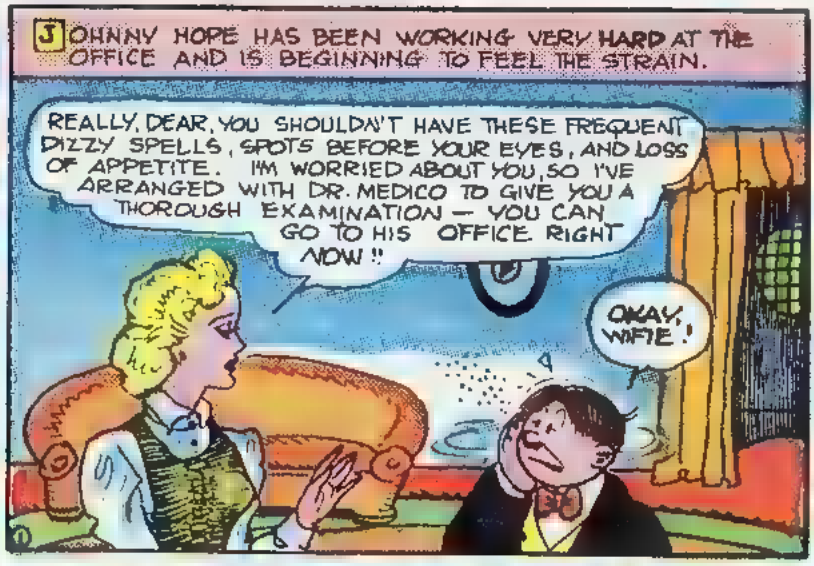
EEK!!
?

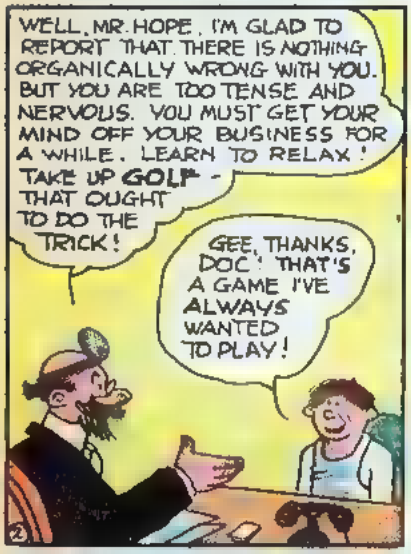
HELP- MURDER- POLICE- FIRE- HALP!!


GUESS I BETTER BE ON MY WAY!
ZIP!


ALL THAT EXCITEMENT OVER A LITTLE MILK! — I DON'T GET IT!!

OLD MAN EXPERIENCE
FORE !!


JOHNNY HOPE HAS BEEN WORKING VERY HARD AT THE OFFICE AND IS BEGINNING TO FEEL THE STRAIN.
REALLY, DEAR, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE THESE FREQUENT DIZZY SPELLS, SPOTS BEFORE YOUR EYES, AND LOSS OF APPETITE. I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU, SO I'VE ARRANGED WITH DR. MEDICO TO GIVE YOU A THOROUGH EXAMINATION — YOU CAN GO TO HIS OFFICE RIGHT NOW !!
OKAY, WIFE !


WELL, MR. HOPE, I'M GLAD TO REPORT THAT THERE IS NOTHING ORGANICALLY WRONG WITH YOU. BUT YOU ARE TOO TENSE AND NERVOUS. YOU MUST GET YOUR MIND OFF YOUR BUSINESS FOR A WHILE. LEARN TO RELAX ! TAKE UP GOLF - THAT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK !
GEE, THANKS, DOC ! THAT'S A GAME I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO PLAY !

THE NEXT DAY
OH, BOY, I FEEL BETTER ALREADY ! - FORE !!

OOPS ! I DUBBED IT !!

DARN BUNKER !

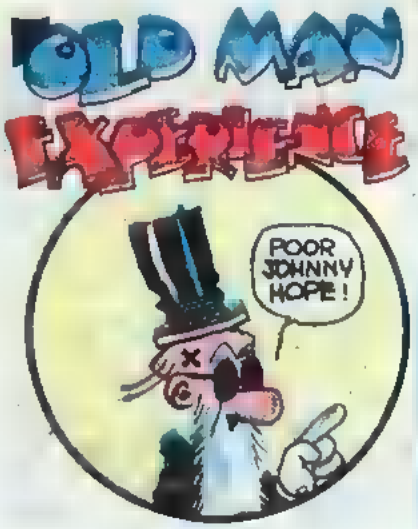
DIVOT DIGGER !

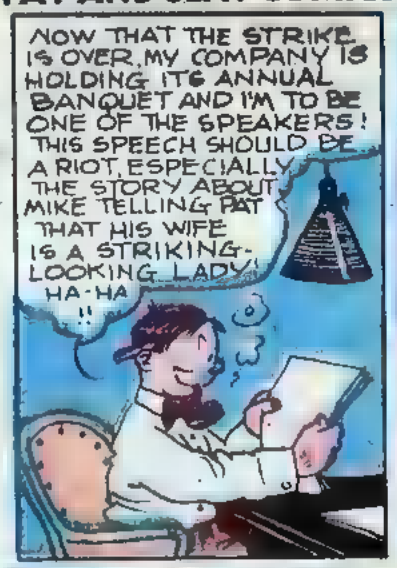
GOSH, WHAT A LIE !

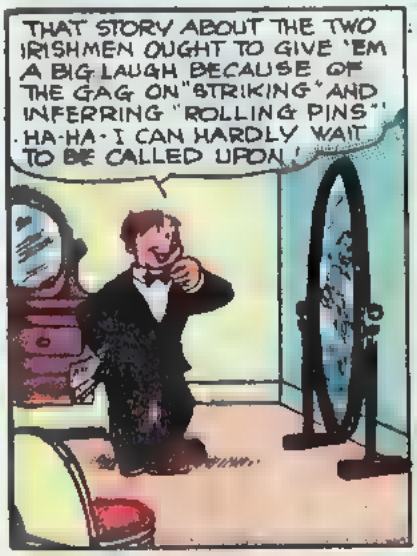
HEY, CADDY, GIMME ANOTHER BALL .. FORE .. WOW, WHAT A SLICE - GIMME ANOTHER BALL - FORE !!
?

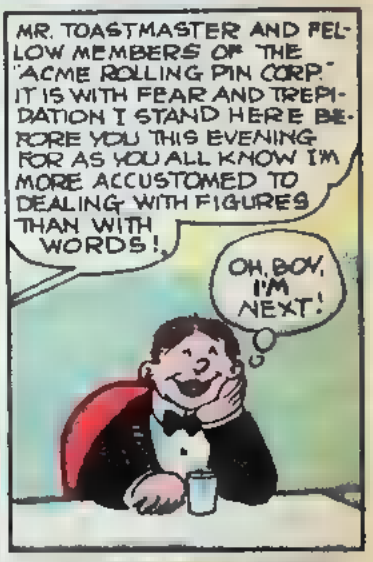
NOW ALL HE NEEDS IS SOMETHING TO TAKE HIS MIND OFF GOLF !!

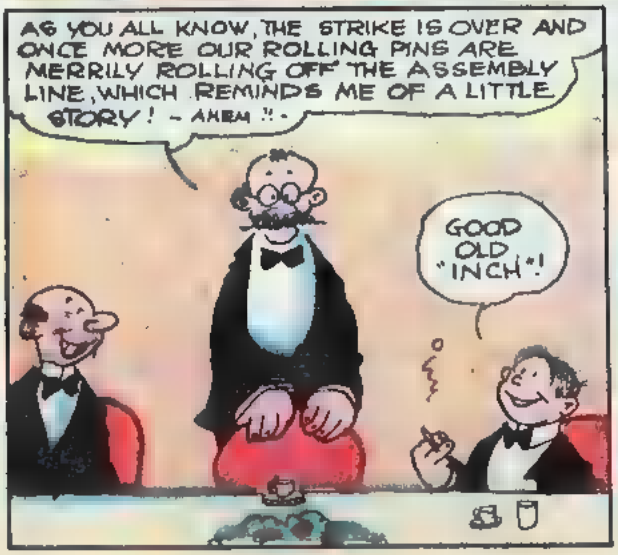
FAT AND SLAT COMICS

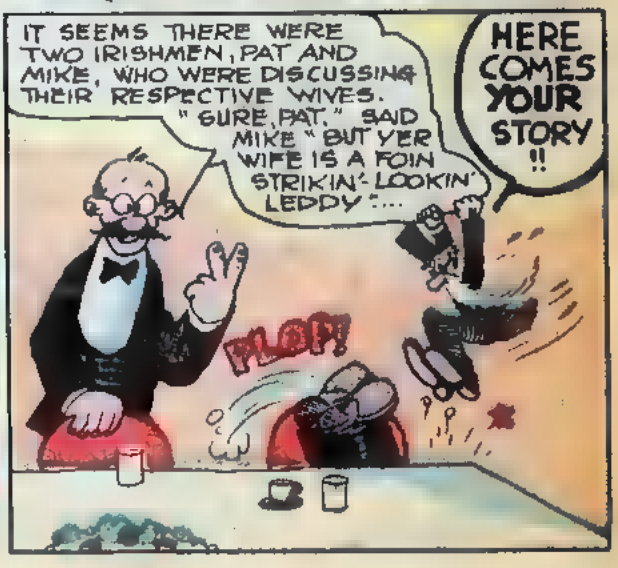




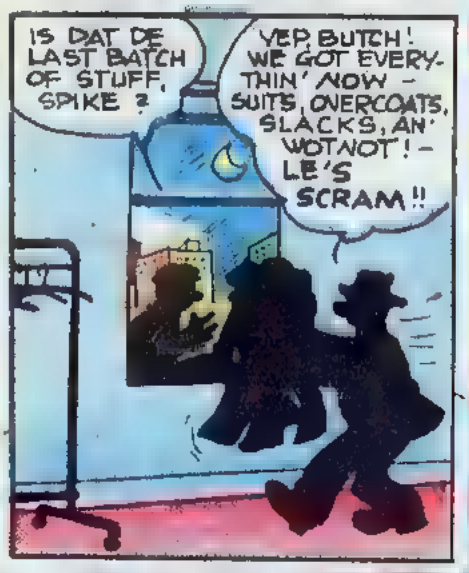


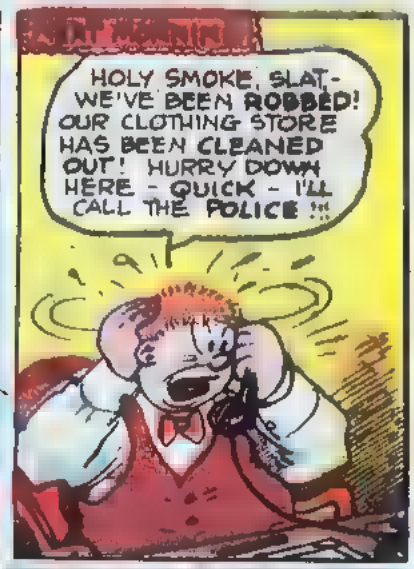


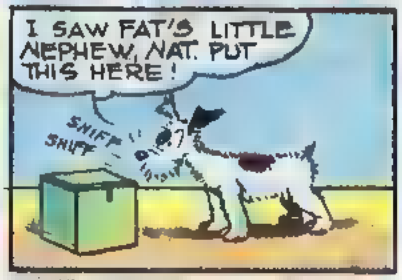


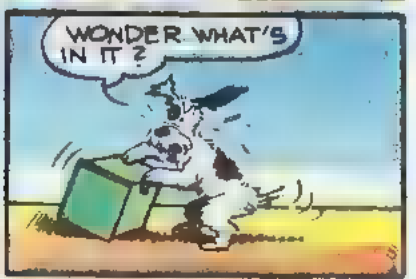


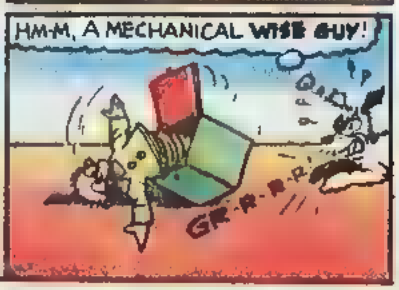
FAT AND SLAT COMICS



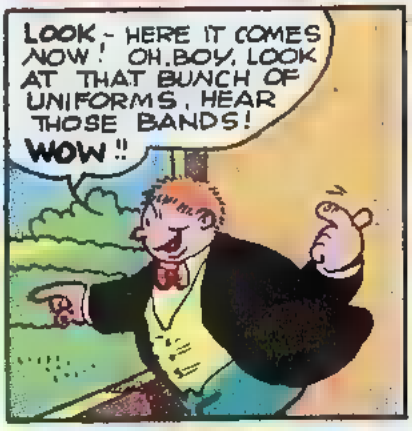


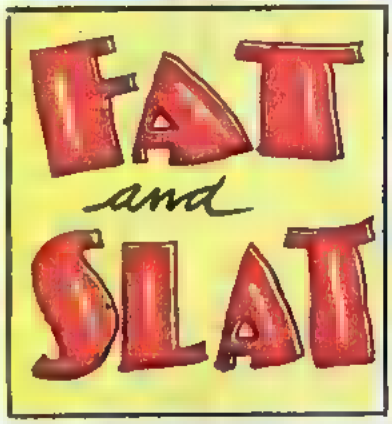


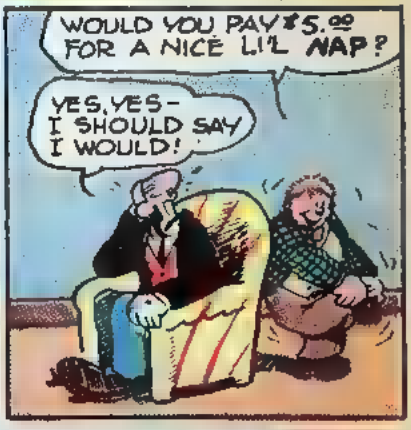




FAT AND SLAT COMICS



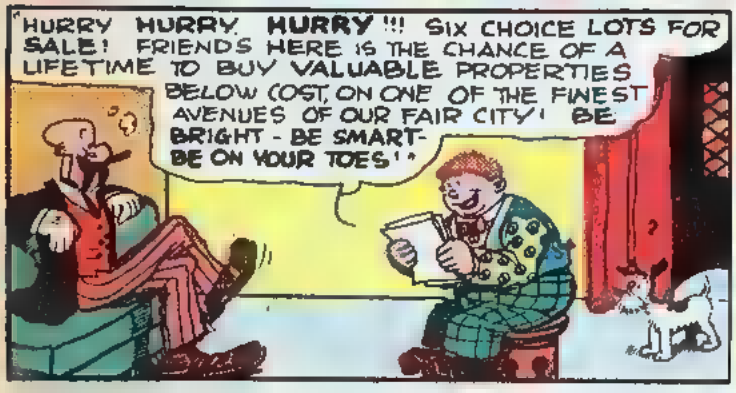


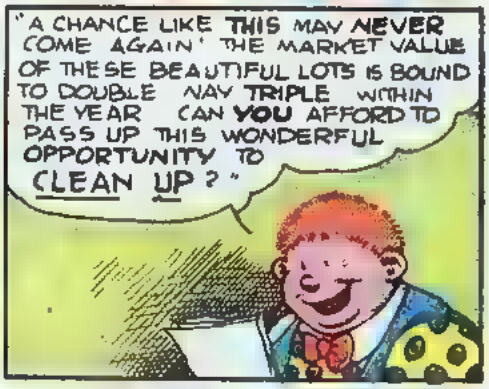


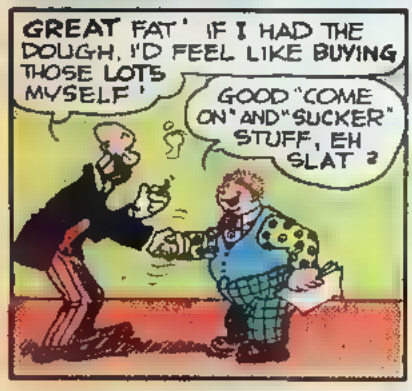
FAT and SLAT

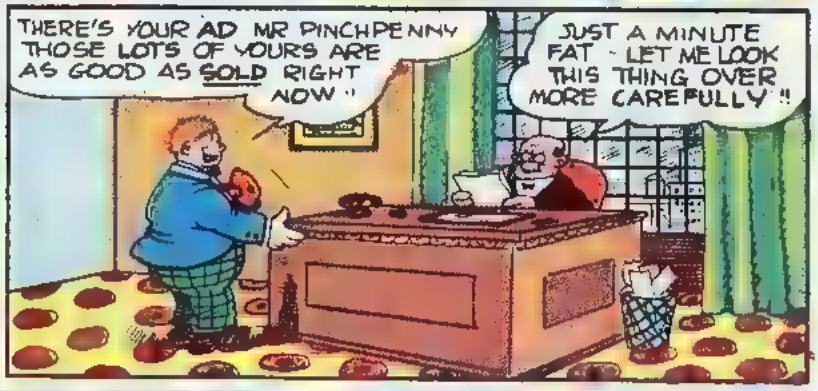
HELLO, FAT.— WHY SO BUSY ?
I'M WRITING AN AD FOR OLD MAN PINCHPENNY !!

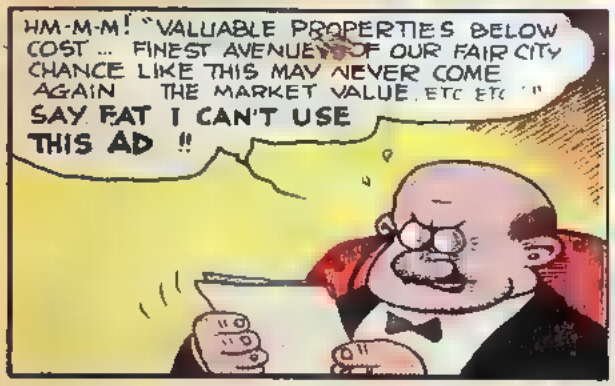
GOSH YOU'VE GOT TO BE GOOD TO GET ANY DOUGH OUT OF THAT OLD MISER
WELL I TOLD HIM I WAS A PROFESSIONAL AD WRITER SO HE WANTS ME TO HELP HIM SELL THOSE SIX MISERABLE LOTS OF HIS ON FORSAKEN AVE. HE WANTS PLENTY OF HIGH PRESSURE STUFF IN THE 'AD' SO I TURNED LOOSE MY IMAGINATION - HA HA - LISTEN !

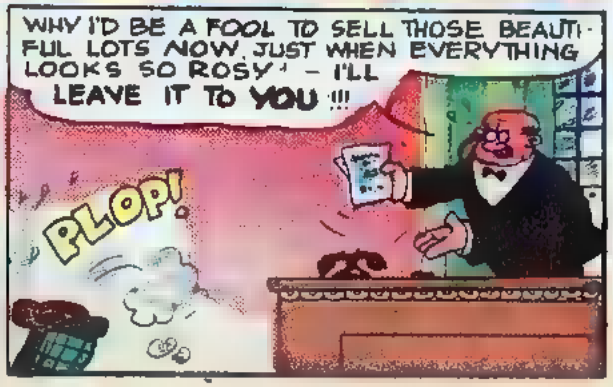

"HURRY HURRY HURRY !!! SIX CHOICE LOTS FOR SALE! FRIENDS HERE IS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME TO BUY VALUABLE PROPERTIES BELOW COST, ON ONE OF THE FINEST AVENUES OF OUR FAIR CITY! BE BRIGHT - BE SMART - BE ON YOUR TOES!"


"A CHANCE LIKE THIS MAY NEVER COME AGAIN! THE MARKET VALUE OF THESE BEAUTIFUL LOTS IS BOUND TO DOUBLE NAY TRIPLE WITHIN THE YEAR CAN YOU AFFORD TO PASS UP THIS WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY TO CLEAN UP ?"

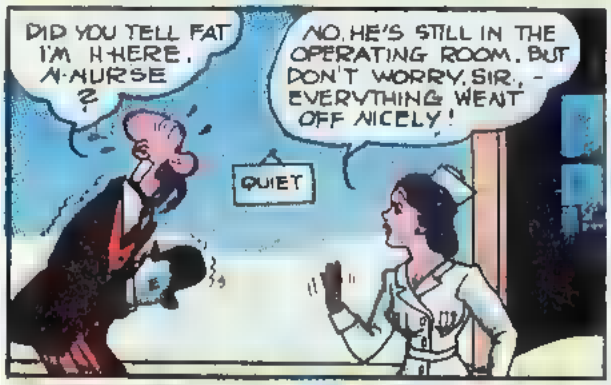

GREAT FAT! IF I HAD THE DOUGH, I'D FEEL LIKE BUYING THOSE LOTS MYSELF!
GOOD "COME ON" AND "SUCKER" STUFF, EH SLAT ?

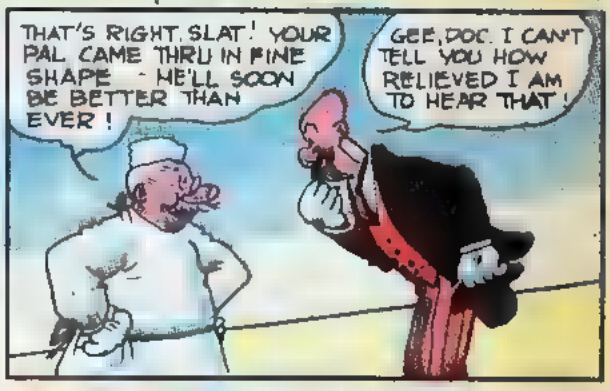

THERE'S YOUR AD MR PINCHPENNY THOSE LOTS OF YOURS ARE AS GOOD AS SOLD RIGHT NOW !!
JUST A MINUTE FAT - LET ME LOOK THIS THING OVER MORE CAREFULLY !!

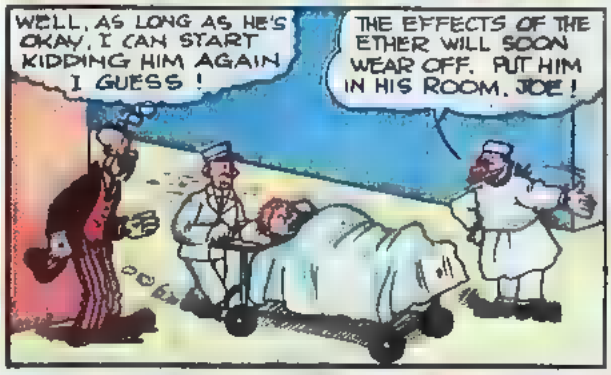

HM-M-M! "VALUABLE PROPERTIES BELOW COST ... FINEST AVENUES OF OUR FAIR CITY CHANCE LIKE THIS MAY NEVER COME AGAIN THE MARKET VALUE, ETC ETC !!"
SAY FAT I CAN'T USE THIS AD !!

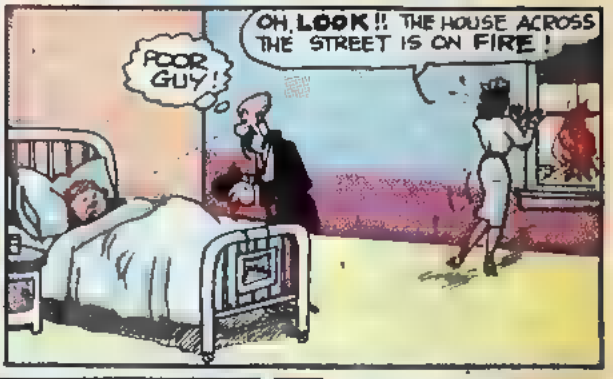

WHY I'D BE A FOOL TO SELL THOSE BEAUTIFUL LOTS NOW, JUST WHEN EVERYTHING LOOKS SO ROSY! - I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU !!!
PLOP!

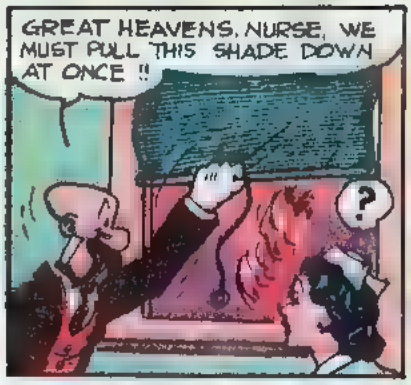
FAT and SLAT

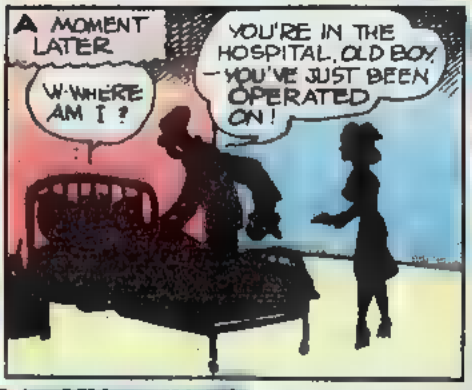

DID YOU TELL FAT I'M H-HERE, N-NURSE ?
NO, HE'S STILL IN THE OPERATING ROOM. BUT DON'T WORRY, SIR, - EVERYTHING WENT OFF NICELY!
QUIET


THAT'S RIGHT, SLAT! YOUR PAL CAME THRU IN FINE SHAPE - HE'LL SOON BE BETTER THAN EVER!
GEE, DOC. I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW RELIEVED I AM TO HEAR THAT!

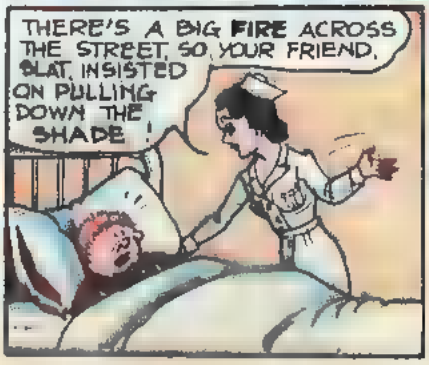

WELL, AS LONG AS HE'S OKAY, I CAN START KIDDING HIM AGAIN I GUESS!
THE EFFECTS OF THE ETHER WILL SOON WEAR OFF. PUT HIM IN HIS ROOM, JOE!


POOR GUY!
OH, LOOK!! THE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET IS ON FIRE!

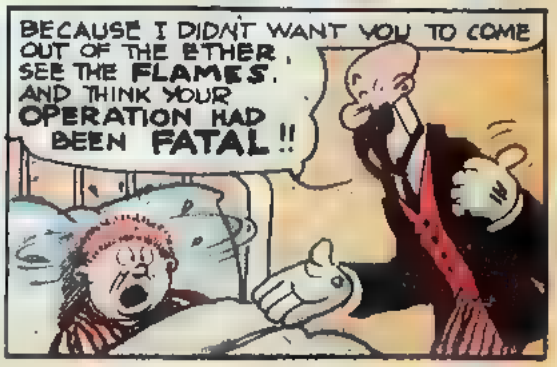

GREAT HEAVENS, NURSE, WE MUST PULL THIS SHADE DOWN AT ONCE!!
?


A MOMENT LATER
W-WHERE AM I?
YOU'RE IN THE HOSPITAL, OLD BOY. - YOU'VE JUST BEEN OPERATED ON!

B-BUT WHY IS EVERYTHING SO DARK?


THERE'S A BIG FIRE ACROSS THE STREET, SO, YOUR FRIEND, SLAT, INSISTED ON PULLING DOWN THE SHADE!

WHY?


BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO COME OUT OF THE ETHER, SEE THE FLAMES, AND THINK YOUR OPERATION HAD BEEN FATAL!!

LISTEN TO *THIS*, KIDS...

....YOUR ENTRIES FOR THE BIG ***FAT AND SLAT "GAG" CONTEST*** HAVE POURED IN SO FAST AND FURIOUSLY THAT WE'VE BARELY BEEN ABLE TO KEEP UP WITH THEM! ONLY THE OTHER DAY WE MANAGED TO FINISH LAUGHING OUR WAY THROUGH THE LAST OF THE THOUSANDS OF SWELL GAGS YOU SUBMITTED....TABULATING AND SORTING THEM AS WE WENT.... SO THAT ED WHEELAN, THE ORIGINATOR OF *FAT AND SLAT*, COULD MAKE HIS FINAL SELECTION OF THE FIFTY BEST!

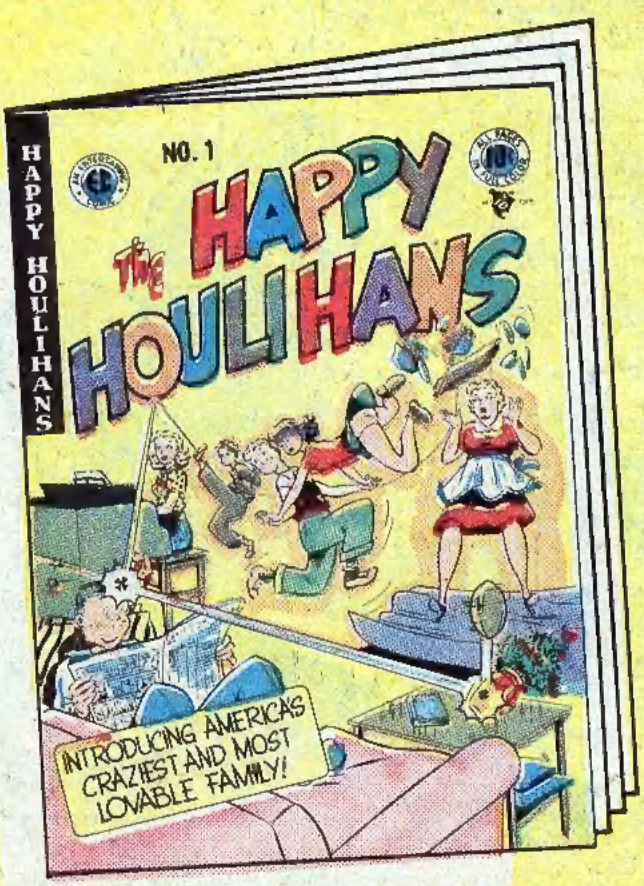
FOR THE RESULTS OF THE BIG "GAG" CONTEST...AND WE KNOW YOU'VE BEEN WAITING ANXIOUSLY FOR THEM...BE SURE TO GET ***FAT AND SLAT No. 4*** AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSDEALER! IN ADDITION TO THE FUN-PROVOKING REGULAR FEATURES... *FAT AND SLAT, BIG SHOT, OLD MAN EXPERIENCE* AND *"COMICS" McCORMICK*...IT WILL CONTAIN ED WHEELAN'S OWN ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE THREE BEST GAGS, AS WELL AS THE NAMES OF THE LUCKY WINNERS OF THE FIFTY BIG PRIZES...

TO FIND OUT IF YOU OR FRIENDS WON ANY OF THESE BIG AWARDS...AND FOR A CARNIVAL OF CHUCKLES...BE SURE TO GET YOUR COPY OF ——

FAT AND SLAT NO. 4!

--WHICH GOES ON SALE ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF DECEMBER!!!

C'MON, QUIT YOUR SHOWING, PAL...



...AND GET IN LINE FOR THE LAUGH SENSATION OF THIS (OR *ANY*) YEAR! IF IT'S MADCAP ADVENTURE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR WITH A HEARTY BELLYLAUGH-A-SECOND THROWN IN FOR GOOD MEASURE ...THEN YOU'LL *REALLY* GO FOR AMERICA'S CRAZIEST AND MOST LOVABLE FAMILY!

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK, AND BE SURE TO LOOK FOR THAT WONDERFUL HOULIHAN MOB...APPEARING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR OWN MAGAZINE.....

THE HAPPY HOULIHANS!!

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

Scoop! Complete Picture-Taking Picture-Making Outfit for only $4.98

Candid-Type Camera! Complete Developing Outfit! Complete Printing Outfit! All for one low price of only $4.98!

SEND FOR YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

At Last! You Can Take, Make and Develop Your Own Pictures!

This is the first time a complete picture-taking, picture-making outfit has ever been offered at the sensationally low price of only $4.98. You might ordinarily expect to pay much more than that for a good developing kit. Yet here you not only get a big, 14-piece Developing Kit so that you can actually make and develop your own pictures, but also a famous make candid-type Camera which takes regular size pictures. Positively not a toy. Both the Camera and the Developing Kit are "the real thing"—guaranteed to work on the same principle as those used by experienced photographers.

Easy To Make Your Own Pictures! Think of it!—You can go out and snap pictures of your favorite scenes, of important events and land-marks, or of members of your family. Then, within a few minutes after you snap the pictures, you can develop them yourself. Virtually without waiting you can make and develop those same pictures right in your own home. Watch them come to life . . . clear and sharp . . . before your very eyes, almost like magic. Sensational! Exciting! Thrilling fun such as you've never known before.

Make Money While Having Fun! This is the chance of a lifetime to pursue an interesting hobby and learn the fascinating photography business at the same time. You can even make money in your spare hours. Use your Home Developing Kit to accommodate friends and neighbors. They'll be glad to give you their business for it will save them time and money, just as it does you.

THE CAMERA has all the latest features, including snapshot and time exposure and level view finder. Uses easy-to-get 127 film and takes 16 pictures on an 8-exposure roll. THE DEVELOPING KIT consists of 14 individual pieces as shown. There are 2 plastic trays, 1 metal print frame, 1 stirring rod, 1 package of two dozen sheets of contact paper, 3 Universal M-Q developer packs, 1 box acid-fixing solution, 1 plastic funnel, 1 GE darkroom light, 2 plastic clips and 1 easy-to-follow Handbook of developing and printing.

10 Day Examination Offer

Is this a value? You bet it is! By far the greatest value in the country today. Never before has it been possible to get everything necessary to take, make and develop pictures all for this one low price of only $4.98. These outfits are sure to be grabbed up fast. Photo and camera enthusiasts everywhere will be anxious to own a complete Kit such as this for fun and for spare time profit. You'll be wise to order your complete outfit right now while this low price offer is still in effect so that you won't be disappointed. It's first come, first served. If you want to get started at once to take, make and develop your own pictures, mail the coupon below today. You SEND NO MONEY! We'll let you examine and use the kit as your own for 10 days on our money-back guarantee offer.

You get this Big 14 Piece Developing Kit!

SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON FOR YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2528, 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send me the Complete Picture-Taking, Picture-Making Outfit as described. On arrival I will pay postman only $4.98 plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges for everything. It is understood that if I am not positively delighted with the outfit in every way, I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

☐ I enclose $4.98 in advance with this order to save shipping charges. Please send the Complete Outfit to me all postage charges prepaid on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

AMERICA'S GREATEST Zipper BILLFOLD BARGAIN!

BILLFOLDS ARE PRINTED IN *Breath Taking Colors!*

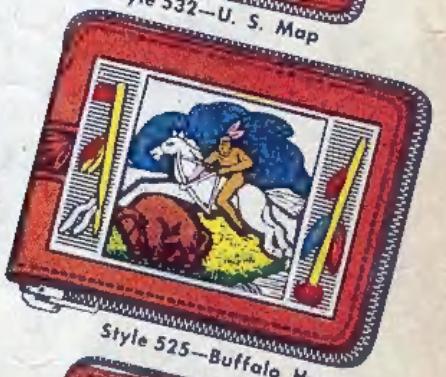
Your Choice $1.98 PLUS TAX

Style 536—Mexican Girl

Style 537—Mexican Gaucho

Style 532—U. S. Map

Style 549—Sporting Scene



Style 525—Buffalo Hunt

Style 520—Hula Girl

SENSATIONAL VALUE! A handsome all-around Zipper Billfold brightly decorated in scintillating colors. Illustrations shown herewith are faithful reproductions showing the beautiful colored scenes embossed on these billfolds. Can't rub off. Other exclusive features include Built-in Zipper Change Purse, Deluxe Pass Case and a roomy Currency Compartment. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rush your order and picture choice on the coupon below.

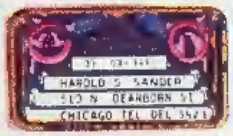
Style 544—Indian Scene

Style 526—Hawaiian Lovers

Style 535—Texas Ranger

Style 548—Covered Wagon

Social Security Plate only 35c



You can have this beautiful three Color Social Security Plate with your billfold for only 35c extra. Price includes engraving of your Social Security Number, your full name and address, and your phone number. Send 35c in coin on separate sheet of paper with above information and we'll ship postage prepaid.

SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon With Your Billfold Selection!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2342 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Saddle Type beautifully colored Zipper Billfold in the picture choice indicated below. I will pay postman only $1.98 plus fed. tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival. I must be fully satisfied or I can return the billfold within ten days for refund.

MY BILLFOLD SELECTION IS:.....
(Give style number and subject)

If more than one Billfold is being ordered, state how many here:.....

MY NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE NO..... STATE.....